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EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD



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TWO DOLLARS
A YEAR

DOMINION LINOLEUM RUGS



The Brightest Room in the House

What an ideal living room! One to be lived in—to be enjoyed—a comfortable room that does not get untidy. It is the cheerful, artistic Linoleum Rug that makes this room so charming. And you can obtain just as satisfactory results in treating any room.

Linoleum is perfectly clean; health promoting. Your children may romp about on its smooth surface without danger or fear of coming in contact with any disease germs. Everything will wipe off without leaving stain or mark, should you have an accident.

Linoleum Rugs are built for long wear. They require but little cleaning. Ask your dealer to show you his display.

Important: All Genuine Dominion Linoleum Rugs and Dominion Linoleum are made on a foundation of strong Burlap. Look for it when you are buying; it ensures long wear.



How We Made \$200⁰⁰ Extra in Four Months—Right at Home

Mrs. A. A. Clark's record of success with her Auto Knitter is so remarkable that we have asked her to tell about it in her own words, for the help and inspiration of Auto Knitter workers everywhere. Few owners of Auto Knitter machines can give the time and effort needed to make such unusual earnings, but men and women all over the country constantly add many dollars to their incomes every month—in spare hours only. Wouldn't even \$5.00 a week extra be welcome to you? Then find out how Auto Knitter workers make money—under our "Guaranteed Wage Plan."

By Mrs. A. A. Clark

WHEN one reaches the position where it seems as though everything is a rank failure it is indeed a grand, glorious feeling to finally grasp a real opportunity and realize that you have at last "made good."

That has been our experience with the Auto Knitter. Three years ago, filled with high hopes and having a reasonable amount of capital, my husband and I started to farm a rented quarter, fully prepared to make a fortune. Well, we did, for the other fellow. First year—dried out. Second year—good crop but no price for grain; and to make matters worse we had gone heavily in debt for feed for the stock through the long, hard winter that intervened.

Meanwhile, I had been trying to find some means of helping out the situation. Finally I read about the plan for earning money at home by knitting socks on the Auto Knitter, and what was of even greater interest, the offer to take an "pay for all the standard socks I could make."

I told my husband about it but he was not as much interested as I was. He said there was sure to be some string to it somewhere and he would have nothing to do with it. Well, the summer went by without much improvement in our affairs. I had been keeping in touch with the Auto Knitter people, however, and when I talked it over with my husband once more he finally decided that we had better try it. Just as soon as he could get his wages drawn up he sent the order for the machine.

The machine arrived and he unpacked it for me, and I noticed as soon as he got a good look at it that he seemed more favorably impressed. "If it works as well as it looks, it is O.K.," he said, and was quite anxious to see it going. I took my time and made sure of each move and very soon I could make socks quite easily. When the yarn we had ordered arrived I was ready to do real work. As soon as I had half a dozen pairs of socks made my husband took them to town and sold them in less than one hour for \$1.00 per pair.

We had planned to send the whole output to the company, but when we saw what a good article the machine could produce and how readily they sold, we changed our plans and decided to build up a good local trade. We sold six dozen pairs to local stores easily, getting \$9.00 per dozen for them. After moving into town we put an ad. in the local paper describing our product and also offering to knit for patrons from their own yarn.

We soon had so many orders that we were compelled to use the best yarn we could get locally, as the distance from Toronto made it a long wait and we were anxious to build up a reputation for our work in anticipation of another year, when we could start early in the season.

In all we have made, as near as we can check up, over \$200.00 this last winter.

After seeing what the Auto Knitter could do, we got another machine, so we now keep one on standard work and use the other on orders for boys' and girls' stockings and odd size orders. Next fall we intend to hire a girl to do the housework and we will stock up with good yarn early in the season and make a regular business of it. We believe our experience this season justifies our expectations. To sum the prospects up briefly, we can knit a pair of standard socks in 20 minutes. We can finish up and press a pair in 7 minutes and can sell each pair at a profit of from \$2.75 to \$5.75 per dozen, according as we sell to stores wholesale, or direct to customers. That profit represents also our wage. For custom knitting we can get 25 cents per

pair for men's socks and from 30 to 50 cents per pair for long ribbed stockings, according to size. The patrons furnish the yarn. We can knit 10 or 12 pair per day of the long ones, depending on the quality of yarn they bring in for us to use.

Outside of the few odd jobs my husband got to do this winter, our two machines have paid our rent, our living, and also reduced our obligations by \$80.00, and we consider that good when we have had them such a short time—approximately four months.

With a more definite idea of how to go about it, as well as fuller knowledge of and faith in our equipment, we have every reason to hope for a much better showing next year. A very conservative estimate will give us \$250.00 for this year's work, getting off to a poor start at that. We plan on \$750.00 next year, and will start the ball rolling by exhibiting our goods at the local fair within easy reach of us, and by using the local newspaper columns.

When I compare my husband's present cheerful optimism with his depression of four months ago I am fully convinced that the age of miracles is not passed.

Mrs. A. A. Clark, Alberta.

Why Not Let the Auto Knitter Help You?

As soon as you have an Auto Knitter in your home, and have become proficient in using it, you will have a means of solving your extra-money problem. This is the way:

The Auto Knitter enables you to make all-wool socks that find a ready sale everywhere. You knit these socks, following standard directions furnished with your machine, but you do not have to sell them yourself unless you wish. Not at all!

Simply send the finished socks to us in Toronto, in large or small shipments, as you find convenient. By return mail you receive a money order in payment of your wages for making the socks, at a fixed rate per dozen pairs, and also the same weight of new yarn that you used in knitting the hosiery sent to us. The yarn remains your property and is constantly replaced.

Not a Promise But a Contract

To every owner of an Auto Knitter we give a signed "Work Contract" which obligates us to carry out our part of the agreement for five years, whenever you wish to take advantage of it. Some Auto Knitter workers have been sending us their entire output for several years.

But on the other hand, you are not bound by the terms of the Work Contract to send socks to us at all, unless you wish. You may dispose of them to private trade—just as Mrs. Clark does, but the company is bound to accept and pay for all the standard socks you do send them—whether the amount be large or small.

A Wonderful Work Record. Less Than 5% Rejections

The Auto Knitter is for workers—for those who are serious in their desire to make money in their spare hours. The Olde Tyme Wool Socks that are sent to us under the Work Contract come from everywhere—from novices as well as the experienced—and yet, out of the huge total sent in to us less than 5% have to be laid aside and returned to the worker as not being up to the standard set for Olde Tyme All Wool Socks.



Mrs. A. A. Clark

We believe it to be a great tribute to the general all-round efficiency of the Auto Knitter and the Auto Knitter Workers, that the rejections on this home work, performed in many, many different homes, are so small as to be almost negligible. If these folks learned from the instruction book to make socks that average less than 5% rejections, can you not do so, too?

The Auto Knitter will answer every demand made upon it for speed and reliability, and your earnings will be in proportion to the time you devote and the degree of proficiency attained through practice.

Find Out How You May Receive "Money Orders from Toronto"

If you are seeking some way to turn spare moments into money then we would like to send you all the facts about the Auto Knitter. We want you to know all about this new, pleasant occupation that can be conducted in your own home as a means of earning dollars in spare hours. You do not place yourself under the slightest obligation by signing and mailing the coupon—or write a letter if you prefer. The full details which we send to you are absolutely free.

The Auto Knitter Hosiery (Canada) Co., Ltd
Dept. 12, 1870 Davenport Road, W. Toronto, Can.

The Auto Knitter Hosiery (Canada) Co., Ltd.
Dept. 12, 1870 Davenport Road, West Toronto, Can.

Send me full particulars about making money at home with the Auto Knitter. I enclose 3 cents postage to cover cost of mailing etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ PROV _____
Everywoman's World 7-25



Not a Miracle Worker—But a Real Money-Maker For the Industrious!

The finest complexion treatment is the simplest

Here it is:

Most women have, and take great pride in having, normal skin—differing, perhaps, in texture and in ability to resist various conditions of life and weather, but normally healthy.

For such skin, the highest authorities agree that the finest complexion treatment available is the simplest—*soap-and-water cleansing*.

This old-fashioned, but authoritative, fact may save you trouble, and pain,

and even the loss of the good complexion you now have.

To millions of women "soap-and-water cleanliness" means "Ivory-Soap-and-water cleanliness."

As any reputable physician will tell you, soap, whatever claims may be made for it, can do for your skin only one good thing—cleanse it safely.

That is the duty, the privilege and the destiny of Ivory Soap—to cleanse safely. Through forty-four years it has made no other claim.

Ivory Soap *must* cleanse, because it lathers abundantly and rinses off completely and promptly.

It *must* cleanse *safely*, because it is made of the very finest of pure ingredients, blended to produce a pure, mild, white and delightfully fragrant soap—which floats.

When you buy Ivory, you are asked to pay only for *pure soap*, which contains no "mysteries" and offers no "magic" except the soothing magic of cleanliness. PROCTER & GAMBLE

IVORY SOAP

99 $\frac{44}{100}$ % PURE IT FLOATS

MADE IN THE PROCTER & GAMBLE



FACTORIES AT HAMILTON



Julia, maid of maids, is as concerned as if the blouse were her own, instead of Sally Jollyco's. Its delicate crepe is faded and torn. Sally washed it *herself*, with soap of her own choosing.

"Oh, and I warned her, Mrs. Jollyco. But she wouldn't listen."

"I know, Julia," says Mrs. Jollyco. "Miss Sally is one of those who learn only by experience. Perhaps next time she will use Ivory. Then she won't have to rub, and there will be no fading or tearing."



Side out on a triple play! The professor notes this thought: "Clean bodies make keen minds." Well, if Bobby keeps on resisting soap, we don't know how he is going to be a famous shortstop—even with the help of his canine friend, Ulysses.



"Why, Sally Jollyco!" cries Miss Tippet, the family nurse, "What's that Mrs. Prowl doing in here?"

"Now, Tippet, you go right away!" says Sally. "Mrs. Prowl says this new soap will keep me beautiful."

"Oh dear, oh dear! And after I brought you up so careful on Ivory Soap, too!"

Poor Sally! She has a terrible time, doesn't she? but Miss Tippet is right—soap keeps one *pretty* only by keeping one *clean*. Ivory does that, and gently, too!

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Katherine M. Caldwell, Editor

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AT ONE minute the prairie had been empty and white under a low gray sky. At the next minute the air was filled with fine, pelting snow which drove with fury and whirled in a biting wind.

On the main road across the Lewiston Open, a man came riding. He was galloping with the wind, yet in all his haste he stopped at every one of the few scattered houses on the plain and pounded on the door. The women, already busy at supper, answered the summons wondering, or the men came running from stables and cowsheds, and to these the horseman cried his message and was off before the gaping folk could stay him with questions:

"Stephen Mine's little girl's lost. She's been gone an hour. 'Nother searchin' party starts as soon's enough get to Stephen's. Take your lanterns and some rope."

With that he was off—Jake Mullet, on his way to Pillsbury's store in Lewiston to ring for the bucket brigade and to telephone to the few in the neighborhood who had telephones.

"Hannah Mine's girl," said the women. "Which one? Oh, not the baby. It can't be the baby!"

It went up like one cry, all over the Open, while the men made ready to leave and brought rope, and the women filled the lanterns. More than one woman girt her skirts about her and set forth with her man, certain that Hannah Mine needed comforting and, it might be, serving, and unable to wait at home in any case. But when they reached Mine's little house, they found that Hannah had gone with the first searching party, and their glances stepping the three children huddled by the fire told the truth. The lost child was Hannah Mine's baby. Somewhere out in that storm, already for more than an hour, was Stephen and Hannah Mine's baby, three-year-old Lissa.

Meanwhile, Jake Mullet was riding. And when he had done what he could in Lewiston, he took the lower road back and now he was facing the storm and its fury was growing with the darkness. When the first farm-house light showed through the thick-white, Jake groaned. She was so little—if night came, or if in two hours they had not found her, who could hope that they would be in time.

He continued to call at the little houses and to shout his message to any whom he met lumbering through the snow. But when he came to one house, on the forty



OUT OF THE STORM CAME A SINGLE, PIERCING CRY

The Night Of The Storm

By ZONA GALE

Illustrated by GEORGE HAY CHARLES

adjoining Stephen's forty, he did not stop.

"No use wastin' breath on Waldo Rowan," he thought, and galloped on. He crossed the cut—a queer, ragged gap in the plain, shallow and rockfilled—and saw a figure fighting its way on foot.

"Turn back to Mine's!" Jake shouted. "His little girl's lost. She's—"

Then he stopped. Here was Waldo Rowan himself, who had not spoken to Stephen and Hannah for ten years, as all the Open knew.

"They wouldn't have my help!" Waldo flung back. Jake pounded on, carrying coils of rope for the searchers who were now to spread in a great circle, threading the rope, and so come drawing in. He gave not another thought to the only one on the Open who had failed to answer his appeal. Everybody was used to this feud between Mine and Waldo. Stephen would have done the same if it had been Waldo whose child was lost. But Waldo had no children to lose. In the days when he and Stephen were friends they had loved the same woman, and Stephen had won her, Waldo said,

through a lie. She and Stephen had raised their family and seemed happy. Waldo married a girl of the village who had died, with their two-year-old baby, only a year ago. Since then he lived alone, and he was dead to Stephen, as Stephen was to him.

AT HIS own line fence, Waldo Rowan left the road and plunged into a grove of dwarf oak and on into a denser stretch of wood. It was evident that this storm was to continue for at least twenty-four hours, and he wanted a look at his traps. He found some empty, one dragged away, and in one something pitiful and struggling helplessly, and moaning, which he despatched and dropped in his bag. And as he did so he thought, as he had thought before.

"Blowed if I wouldn't dither live on corn-bread than do it. Blowed if I never set another trap."

He plunged down into the cut, which was the short way to his cabin. There was another reason for haste besides the weather. He had been out all day and creeping in his veins came the giddiness and tremor which precede a chill; and with it, too, that curious lightness of head, of body, which pre-figures a possible illness. He must get indoors, build a great fire, heat his kettle of soup, wrap up warmly and sleep it off.

"I'd ought to have the doctor give me something when I met him this noon,"

Waldo thought. "What was't he said? He was going sixteen mile north. He won't be back tonight. I guess I can mope it out—"

The snow was of a deceiving softness and piled on the rocks of the cut as if billows of foam. An animal, lapped, and now lay quiet. Here the wind roared through from the northeast, catching the tops of the white pines and making a furious singing. And on that wind, Waldo heard a cry.

He heard it for a little before he knew that he heard it—with that strange inner ear which catches sound too light to be less delicately measured. An animal, or a way of the wind, he might have called it and thought no more; but when he was deep in the cut and before he began the rough ascent, abruptly this cry rose on a single, piercing note, and fell again to its quiet pulsing. He listened—

Still uncertain what he had heard, he turned north and kept along the cut, at every few steps stopping to turn his head to the wind. He was ready to face back, and then it came again. There was no mistaking now,

(Continued on page 49)



"I rebelled in this unaccustomed luxury, and allowed the past, with its hardships and its memories, to drift away from me."



R. COURTENAY speaking!" said Lawyer Courtenay into the mouthpiece of his telephone. The efficiency note struck by his invariable method of answering was remarkably up-to-date for an office wherein an atmosphere of musty antiquity held its own against any grave encroachment of

modernism.

"This is Darrel Price!" said the voice on the wire.

"Yes, Mr. Price," acknowledged Daniel P. Courtenay, with no inflection to mark the fact that he was honored by a call from the west-end candidate for the mayoralty. "I have—discovered, Mr. Courtenay, that my wife has an appointment for this morning with you. Had there been time I should have dropped in to see you rather than phoning. It is—er—a rather delicate matter, you see. To be perfectly frank with you, Mrs. Price and I have had a little unpleasantness, and I have no doubt it is on this score she wishes to see you. May I ask if she mentioned—"

"I am sorry, Mr. Price, but—"

"I anticipate your objections, Mr. Courtenay, but this is a special matter, of a personal nature. She has really no grounds—"

"I regret, Mr. Price, that—"

"Besides, Mr. Courtenay, it would affect my interests very seriously just at the climax of my campaign to have any publicity of this kind. I trust you will—"

"You may trust me," interjected the lawyer tersely "to look after the best interests of my client!"

"If you can do anything to protect my interests," insisted the other, "I shall not forget you, and—"

"Good morning!" said Darrel Price, and rang off.

The lawyer sat back in his favorite attitude when thinking, chair tilted, head a little on one side, finger tips outspread and tapping each other. He looked a trifle like a sparrow, and more like a pink-cheeked, white-haired cherub.

The telephone rang. Daniel P. answered promptly.

"Mr. Courtenay, it's Price speaking again. You will forgive me bothering you further, but I wished you to know, in spite of anything that Gwenyth—that my wife may say—that I do care, Mr. Courtenay! I hope you—understand?"

"I will remember that, Mr. Price," said the lawyer quietly. "Good morning!"

He picked up the morning paper from his desk. Its headlines declared that Darrel Price would lead the poll by a large majority. The election was twenty-four hours off. Courtenay paid less attention to the "Star-News" forecast than to the pictures of the candidates: Darrel Price, whose slogan was "Clean Civics", and James McGinnis, who was seeking re-election, bearing on his banners the motto, "The People's Patriot"—with the evident intention of indicating a fervid fealty to the "common people," of whom he proclaimed himself to be one.

The cherub dismissed the familiar physiognomy of McGinnis with a glance. He took longer with the rather heavy-built, clean-shaven, determined-looking Price. "We'll not judge you, friend," said Lawyer Courtenay "until we hear what the little lady has to say!" He raised his voice to reach the ears of his prim, middle-

aged stenographer. "Miss Calethorpe—some letters, please!"

SHORTLY after ten, his client was shown in by the diminutive junior. Gwenyth Price was a dark, serious looking girl, medium in height as she was average in features, a girl at whom men usually turned to look a second time without being conscious of any outstanding point of attraction. She entered with the air of one who has a distressing task to perform, but is quite determined to see it through. It would have taken more than a casual observer to detect an undercurrent of mental anguish.

"Mrs. Price?" greeted Daniel Courtenay.

"You remember me, Mr. Courtenay?"

"Perhaps I should not have, had you not recalled, in phoning me, our once meeting at the Settlement, Mrs. Price. You were superintending, if I remember aright, the games of as rowdy a looking bunch of young hopefuls as I have seen!"

He waited for her, then, to speak.

She said, impulsively, after a space of silence: "Mr. Courtenay, I am in trouble—terrible trouble!"

"Many are, who come here, Mrs. Price. I have been happy to have been able to help some of them out of it."

"I suppose," she said, with a queer little smile, "I have no real business troubling you. You see, I do not know that any legal measures will help me, and I don't know that I would care to use them if they would. I came to you—well, because I—I liked your face, and the way you spoke to the boys that night, and because everyone down there thinks you are—just a little lower than the angels, Mr. Courtenay!"

He smiled his dissent. "Mrs. Price," he said, leaning forward, "there are two bits of advice I always give to clients. The first is: 'Keep within the law,' and the second is 'Keep without the law.' I need not explain the paradox to you, but there is good citizenship involved in the first and good sense in the second. Now, if you care to tell me—"

WITHOUT THE LAW

By LESLIE GORDON BARNARD

Illustrated by CYRIL BRADY

A little flush tinged her cheeks, but her rather fine eyes lifted to meet his, frankly.

"My husband, Mr. Courtenay, as you probably know, is Darrel Price—the citizens' candidate for the mayoralty. We have been married just two years. He came down to the Settlement, where I was an employed worker, to give a lecture on civics to the older boys. Have you heard him speak, Mr. Courtenay? He is, I think, a very fine speaker, and his personality seems to him; rather impulsively, perhaps, I congratulated him afterwards on his talk. He asked me if I would show him about the Settlement House. Afterwards he said: 'I should be glad, Miss Bender, to put my cat at your disposal occasionally.' At once my thoughts went to a sick girl as the first need, and I mentioned her. He suggested Wednesday afternoon—insisting that I go too."

"That was the beginning of it. At first I welcomed his aid for its own sake—there was so much to do, and more—friendly—I dared not think I had any real part in it. When that thought at last was forced upon me, I thrilled with a sudden awakening. But I knew that our ways were far apart, and in fairness to him as well as to myself, I told him of my earlier life. I was brought up in slumdom myself, Mr. Courtenay, you see, and was finally put in a home until I was able to make my own way. He laughed a little at me when I, in an indirect way, told him."

"Then Jim—my only brother—went wrong. He was always a bit wild, and he got mixed up in some affair, and it looked like a serious thing for him. Darrel managed to save him, sending him away from the city. I tried that night to tell Darrel how I wished I could thank him, and—it happened, Mr. Courtenay—he asked me to marry him."

"We were married quietly three months later. He had no near relatives, and I have thought since he wished me to meet his friends in surroundings that would raise no question of his wife's humble origin. I had only Jim. I wrote Jim and told him of it. He was working

in Westhill—a hundred and fifty miles west of here, you know. The reply did not reach me until after; it got mixed up in the Settlement mail. We were married at a clergyman's house, with a close friend or two of Darrel's and one or two of mine as the only witnesses. The ceremony was just over when Jim arrived."

Gwynnith Price looked away.

SHE continued, presently: "I thought, Mr. Courtenay, that Jim had come for my sake . . . to wish me happiness and all. I was soon undeceived. He took me aside, and forgot, I think, that he was my brother, and that it was my wedding day. He was very bitter, and when he knew that the ceremony was over, he said: 'So I'm too late, then?'"

"Too late?" I echoed.

"To prevent you marrying that crook!" he flared. "I had to come in the end—though I told myself I'd get no thanks. Well, it's my own fault mostly. I should have got wise sooner to the fact that you were falling for him, and warned you!"

"Angry as I was, Mr. Courtenay, I had to get the explanation from Jim then. He said: 'I suppose you fell hard for his getting me away from that trouble—saving me from the pen, he'd call it, I'll bet! Huh!—he did it to save his own precious skin. He's like the rest of 'em that get up and talk clean civics from the platform; it's all lip and no action! I guess he's not so bad some ways, but don't let him pull your leg on that stuff! I've got the inside dope that would queer him for keeps if I ever let it out. If he doesn't treat you right, sis, just mention "Garbuts" to him, or send for me. I may have been in the deal, but my part'll blow over because I don't particularly count, but his—well, there are always folks who would like to get his scalp. Refer them to me!"

"Darrel came in, then, Mr. Courtenay, and they greeted each other in a kind of a way, and Jim left, because it was time for us to go to the train. I think I might have spoken right then to my husband, but a quick wave of loyalty came to me, and it swallowed up thoughts of everything but my love for him. Afterwards, in the happiness that was mine, I dismissed the matter from mind, laughing it off as one does a bad dream, telling myself that Jim was not always quite, well, dependable."

"He built a house for me—Darrel did—and gave me

carte blanche in the matter of furnishing; he provided me with servants, and a car, and, cherishing every gift as a token of his love, I revelled in this unaccustomed luxury, and allowed the past, with its hardships and its memories, to drift away from me.

"Then, one day, a woman came to see me—an old Irishwoman who had helped us at the Settlement, and who had long known me. She sat on the edge of one of my best chairs, and looked about. Then she shook her head at me, sadly:

"Ye'll not be comin' to see the loikes av us more," she said with finality. "We've missed ye, and we'll be missin' ye more. 'Tis very grand, but I'm thinkin' the little gurl I loved is lost to me. I wondered why you never so much as looked in on us these days. I guess maybe I'll be goin'."

"That awakened me, Mr. Courtenay, to what I had done—to my desertion of a cause that had taken me from the grip of the slums myself. And I remembered how this woman had been with my own mother when she died. And I took her in my arms, and kissed her, and I think we cried together to know we had not lost each other, after all. And the butler, passing by the doorway, forgot himself and stared, and remembered himself and sniffed. And then I heard the story of Daniel Mulanny's defections."

"It was through this same Daniel Mulanny, the Irish-woman's husband—a ne'er-do-well if ever there was one—that I again came across Jerry McGinnis, the son of my husband's rival candidate. I had known him before—Jerry was a great worker down our way, with purely political motives, but, through his father's influence, a ready and powerful arm, as of course you know, Mr. Courtenay. He had interested himself in the present scrape of Daniel Mulanny, and we met once more. I had always feared him, Mr. Courtenay, and evaded his rather aggressive advances; and now my fears awoke again, for he began to haunt my path as I returned to my Settlement work in such time as I could spare from home. Jerry is not of the best repute, but he is hard to evade."

"Darrel, meanwhile, was preparing his campaign for the mayoralty, and I found myself, somehow, shut off from him more and more. The realization did not come at once, but grew, like some nasty weed, until I could not overlook its existence, that Darrel and I had drifted away from the first intimacies. But the crisis came,

Mr. Courtenay, only three days ago, following the night on which Daniel Mulanny died, in the squalid rooms that were home to him and his wife, and the pallid family he had brought into existence. I spent the night with her—and Jerry McGinnis was there most of the night, too. Outside the place detectives watched, waiting to take a man who had become an outlaw of society. At four in the morning Daniel Mulanny passed out, with a smile on his lips, and the joke that never was far from him: "Tell them guys outside I've fooled 'em at last. 'Tis a long warrant and a longer arm will be needed to fetch me now!" And Jerry McGinnis pulled the broken shades, and the men outside came in for verification, and went their way without remorse."

"At seven I reached home, fatigued beyond words. Darrel, to whom I had sent word, met me at the door. I shall never forget the arraignment he made of me."

"Young McGinnis brought you home," he charged. "At seven in the morning! A pretty business! I'm not reading any harm into it, Gwynnith—it's just your soft nature to poke in where you've no need to go. Haven't I given you everything you need—spent more on you than I could afford, and then you turn and disgrace me, and mix with McGinnis—Jerry McGinnis!—in a way to set fool tongues clacking!"

"He had had a hard day, Mr. Courtenay, and worked long into the night, and the name of McGinnis was anathema to him; but I thought, as he went on with his trade, of poor Dan Mulanny—good-for-nothing though he was—passing out in such squalor, and of his wife and kiddies—and then, too, I was at the last edge of resistance myself—and I let myself go. I told him what I thought of a man who had made so much of uplift work while I was there, and then tossed the whole business aside for fear some of his constituents might think he had dangerous ideas for the great unwashed, and refuse their support. And I charged him, Mr. Courtenay, with treating me as a child, given playthings and told to play and be good—and not a wife—especially a wife who had come from the slums, whose betterment he now forsook for power and fame. I know, Mr. Courtenay, that there are some radicals on the Settlement committee, and the place is in disfavor with some of Daniel's most influential supporters."

WORDS led to words, with nerves on both sides egging us on. He forbade me with finality, to

(Continued on page 37)



"ISN'T OUR ROOM AND THE MEAL READY, GASPARD?" ASKED JERRY FROWNING. "I PHONED LONG ENOUGH IN ADVANCE!"



"THE POOR MOTHER WANTED TO LISTEN TO YOU BUT THE BABY CRIED. IT WAS GREAT, MAMMA—I FELT AWFULLY PROUD OF YOU."

NONE SO YOUNG

By THEODOCIA PEARCE

Illustrated by LYDIA FRASER

MARTHA KNIGHT returned from three happy restful weeks at the beach, a new woman, ready to go back to the old duties and the regular routine of her days, with a rest and joy unknown before her departure. She and her husband, Henry, had found love again.

Their children were a glad and noisy crew when they met them at the station the night they returned home; Bruce, unbridled and unconscious of his hilarity; Bertha, sweet and womanly, as Bertha always was; and Alma. She gave Martha an impulsive generous kiss, and turned without a word, to her father.

"Bless me, if you aren't the sight!" she exclaimed. "Burnt to a crisp almost. Honest, Dad, you remind me—at least your face does—of some sort of breakfast food."

Martha did not hear Henry's reply; her mind was upon Alma. There was something in that laugh of Alma's, something forced and artificial. Bruce was tugging at her arm.

"Say, Mom, give us pancakes for breakfast to-morrow, will you? I'm just sick for a decent plate of pancakes."

"The way Bruce eats is just terrible, Mamma," Bertha put in, patting out the cover of the baby carriage.

"And the way she feeds us is just terrible, Mamma," Bruce imitated her to perfection. "Golly! what do you think I had for luncheon yesterday—that's Bertha's word, not mine. Well, two silver forks, two knives, half a dozen spoons, some awfully swell plates and a lettuce leaf with some juice on it."

"The Rileys were in," Bertha explained. Bruce ignored her explanation.

"Say, Mom, do I get those pancakes?"

"You do!" Martha's tone was emphatic. Bruce, dear, boyish, irresistible Bruce—always he was the same to Martha. There was nothing about him unknown, elusive. Martha understood Bruce. Simultaneously, she thought of Alma and that laugh. Almost an empty echo it was to Martha.

"Wish we had a car to ride home in," Bruce said, then—"Hi there, you—kid!" He darted away after Tots, Bertha's older child, who was veering straight for a mud puddle.

Martha called softly after Alma.

"Want me, Mamma?" she waited until Martha came up and took her arm. "I was just asking Dad all about the time you had."

"It was lovely," Martha's voice was modulated in memory. "Lovely—and how did you get on, Alma?"

"Oh, fine, simply fine. Bertha was awfully dear to us."

"And Bruce—"

"Bruce was just great, Mamma. Honest, I had the surprise of my life over Bruce. He never contradicted me once."

Martha smiled and said nothing. She had the wisdom to let it go at that.

"Anything happen?" Martha asked next. "Well, no—" Alma considered. "Nothing particular." Martha wondered just what had happened to Alma. They stopped on the curbing of Chester Street waiting for a small stream of autos to pass.

"We really should have a car," Alma insinuated. "Isn't life worth while?"

"Hilda says it makes life worth while," Bertha asked, looking down at the baby. Alma followed her gaze.

"Don't be too serious always, Bertha," she warned. "Of course it is—and an auto helps."

"Oh! yes," Martha smiled into the eyes of Henry—she was not afraid to smile into Henry's eyes now. "Oh! yes, where we are needed is best."

They walked home through the early evening of September, along the wide tree-bordered streets of the city, Henry and Bertha and her baby, Bruce and Tots on ahead, running and jumping and walking by turns, Martha and Alma in the rear.

"So you have your Fall hat," Martha said approvingly. Alma tilted her head. "Yes, isn't it the cutest thing, Mamma? All the girls at the office are just crazy about it—and only ten-fifty at Weatherby's."

"Ten-fifty!" Martha exclaimed. A funny contortion of velvet, a silk tassel—no more. "Ten-fifty! That was rightfully expensive for an every day hat."

"I'll use it for best for a time," Alma was lenient to Martha's economical inclinations. "It really isn't so much, Mamma. It is new and chic. I really must look nice, you know."

Yes, Martha knew. It was her pride to have Alma "look nice," to see herself as she might have been had never dared to be. Alma was so exultant, so girlish.

To Martha, Alma had always been a child, such a gay young creature, with Life ready to give her all she asked. Martha could not picture Life denying anything to Alma.

BUT that night, after the mild confusion of home coming, the arrival of Buster Middleton, the departure of Bertha and Ed. and the babies, Martha came to a startling discovery.

Alma was no longer a child—a gay girl. She was at last—a young woman. Bruce and Henry had gone for a stroll. "Just a couple of blocks, Pop," Bruce had pleaded, and Martha watching them off, smiled happily.

The father and son combination—how it pleased her. She left Alma and Buster chatting on the veranda and went up stairs to put clean sheets on Henry's bed

She stepped out on the balcony to shake out the comforter. How chilly the nights were getting, almost too chilly for pleasure on the veranda. Alma and Buster down below, talking—the voices came up to her—Alma, with her dainty, sheer Georgette blouse—Martha must tell her to get a sweater. She went to the rail and leaned over, the voices coming up to her.

"But I thought, Alma," Buster was speaking. Buster, the fine every-day sort of a boy—the Knights had known and liked him always. "I did hope that you might really care about me some day, care a whole lot, Alma. And now—"

"And now—" Alma repeated, "You are acting terribly foolish, don't you think? You are acting like a boy who has been slapped and doesn't like it."

"But I hoped you would care some day."

Long silence—then the low tone of Alma.

"I don't care—yet. I can't help that, Buster. Why, we are young and I want to be free—oh! for years yet. I want to have a good time first, lots of real fun before I decide to settle down. I can't understand why some girls marry so early, take the first chance that comes along. Why, we can have heaps of fun together, visits and dances and movies and things."

"So now—"

"I don't care—yet."

"Some day, perhaps?"

"Oh! I don't know," Alma's voice came up to Martha, annoyed, impatient. "Don't be stupid, Buster. Tell me more about Harold McCoy."

Martha went back to the bedroom and softly shut the door leading out to the balcony. Then she sat down on Henry's bed, sat down on the clean folded sheets, the comforter held in her arms, and reflected.

So it was coming—a time when someone would want to tell her always. And then Martha realized that Alma did not belong to her now.

She belonged to herself. Alma belong to herself! Convulsively Martha caught the comforter close.

"Oh! it comes so quickly," it was a half sob—"It comes so quickly—they grow up. One day so little and needful—the next—they go away."

The memory of her three weeks came back to her and stopped a bleeding wound.

She had Henry.

And Buster—a smile came—why not Buster for Alma? Martha loved Buster, ever since the day when, as a tiny boy, he had upset the ink on their carpet and come to tell her about it. She had caught him close and wiped his tear-stained face, and sent him back to play. She did not mind cleaning the ugly black stain because he had told her. And she had loved him for it.

So why not Buster?

"I don't care—yet—" Martha smiled to herself in the dark—"No, Alma, you don't care—yet. It is so

sure, so sure when it comes—that great caring—but one day—

Why not Buster, clean, strong, splendid? "Hi, there Mom—you there?" Bruce called out from the hall. "Come on downstairs—Pop's down there—ice-cream for the crowd."

Martha followed him down, went to the kitchen for plates and spoons. Alma and Buster came in from the veranda.

"Where's your sweater?" Martha asked. "That thin blouse—"

"Oh! I'm chilly—honest, Mamma. I am used to thin things." "Thin ice—"

"Martha, any cakes left from supper?" he called. Martha went into the pantry.

"Now, Mamma's drudgery begins anew," Alma said, reaching for the paper pail of ice-cream and removing the wrappings.

THE fragrance of coffee awakened Martha the next morning. She got up quickly, surprised and amused. How like Henry to hurry down before he to have breakfast ready. She dressed hurriedly and went down to the kitchen.

Alma, her lithe young body wrapped in a pink kimono, was bending above the stove. Martha stood immobile upon the threshold. She had not expected to find Alma—who usually came down late, ate a hasty breakfast and hurried away.

"Why, Alma!" Martha gasped. Alma turned quickly: "Oh, Mamma, you are just fifteen minutes too early. I am not quite ready for you yet."

"But—why?" Alma shrugged her shoulders—"Don't be surprised, Mamma. I guess I can get breakfast if I want to."

But Martha was surprised. Somehow, Alma doing this was the unexpected thing. Had it been Bertha, Martha would have understood. But Alma—Alma made for music and laughter and gay parlors—Alma bending over a cook stove? "You don't have to do this," Martha moved near. "You don't have to do this, Alma," it was almost a reproof.

"Of course, I don't," the girl turned from the stove to her mother. "Of course I don't, but I want to. Don't you suppose I understand a little about vacations? I know what it is like going back to the office after nine. I'd give a great deal to have someone type the first few letters for me. So why can't I get breakfast the first morning if I want to?"

Martha was filled with a glad gratitude. She tried always to understand Alma and never really could.

"That's—that's dear of you," she said and her voice quivered. Almost she wanted to cry.

"Oh, for pity sakes don't be grateful!" Alma took a peek into the coffee pot. "This is nothing, and besides—I want to."

That was Alma. When she wanted to—she usually did.

"The toast made?" Martha asked. "No, it isn't, not yet. You can do that if you really want to help some, Mamma."

Martha laughed. "It's quite funny being allowed to make toast if I want to."

Henry came in, made straight for Martha and kissed her.

"Up early!" he conceded. "How does it feel being home and getting breakfast again?"

"Alma's doing this," Martha whispered close to his ear and, under his breath, he whistled softly. "She is setting the table in the dining-room."

"Any mail?" It was Henry's regular morning question.

"I haven't looked yet—you do that." Martha carried the plate of bread over to the dining-room door and paused to lay a finger on her lips. "Don't say anything about Alma."

Henry smiled wryly. "Not much—I won't, Martha."

Martha went on into the dining-room with the bread, sat down at her place at the head of the table beside the electric toaster.

"Bruce up yet?" Alma asked.

Martha half started from her chair. "I promised him pancakes," she said. "Bless his heart."

"Well, he can just take omelette."

"But I promised."

"Mamma, you promise Bruce far too much," Alma scolded. "Why

can't you make some promises to yourself for a change? You ought to, you know."

"I'd never keep them," Martha slid another slice of bread into the toaster, and reached across for the butter.

"I'm a great promise breaker."

"You are not!" Alma bounced out to the kitchen as Henry came in with the mail. Martha loved the movement and the stir of her family. Henry laid a letter at Alma's place and tossed a blue envelope over to Martha. She paused in her toast-making to tear it open.

"Good gracious," she gasped presently. "Saturday is the afternoon I promised to give the talk to the Mother's Club of the North Street Mission, and I'd clean forgotten." There was shocked dismay in her voice. Henry laughed.

"Plenty of time between now and Saturday."

"Two days," Martha turned quickly at the smell of burning toast. "Two days!"

"What's the trouble?" Alma returned with the coffee. "That Mothers' meeting on Saturday."

"Oh!" with indifference. "I didn't hear about it."

"We promised three months ago." Martha put another slice into the toaster.

"We promised?" Alma puzzled.

"You said you would give them a piano solo."

"I said that? But I can't—not Saturday. I am going to the Belmont for dinner with Buster."

"But, Alma—"

"Oh, well," the girl pushed back the large kimono sleeves. "If you really want me to, I will. I can leave early surely."

"About five," Martha considered.

"Oh, those frowzy, slouching women and squalling babies," Alma made a little gesture of despair. "They drive me crazy. But if you want me, Mamma."

"I want you," Martha said.

"That's settled," Alma went around to her place

at the table. "Dad, bring in the omelette, will you?"

She saw the letter on her plate and sat down. The sudden flushed smile was not lost to Martha.

She wondered—but Bruce came bounding in.

"Pancakes?"

"Sorry, Bruce! To-morrow, sure. Alma got breakfast this morning."

"Golly! She did!" Bruce sat down hard. "What next? Leadin' a prayer meeting, I betcha."

Alma looked up from her reading. "Don't be funny," she warned.

They settled down to breakfast.

Alma slipped her letter into the envelope with nicety.

"I've just got to get a new dress now, Mamma. The Canoe Club Dance is to-morrow—Friday night. I am going with Buster. I thought at first my pink one I would do." Alma smiled across at Martha. At times Alma had economical tact. "But it won't do now. This is a note from Harry McCoy—he's staying over for it—and wants me to save him the supper."

"Who's Harry McCoy?" Henry asked.

"Another Slippery Slim!" This from Bruce.

"Bruce, you've got to keep out of this." Alma turned to her father. "He's a friend of Buster's. Dad, I've only seen him twice, at Lake Carling in July and last Sunday. He's awfully clever, simply stunning. All the girls—"

"Bah!" Bruce cut in. "All the girls—say, they gimme a pain. All the girls!"

Martha laughed silently as she remembered Alma's remark. "I had the surprise of my life over Bruce. He never contradicted me once." And here he was at the old game, making up for lost time.

Henry took out his watch.

"Guess we'll have to hurry, Alma—after eight now."

"Gracious!" Alma lifted her coffee cup and gulped the contents. "And I'm not dressed yet."

Martha went to the front door with Henry when he left a few minutes later for the shop.

"Mind going back?" she inquired.

"Mind being home?" he asked and they both laughed.

BACK in the hall she encountered Alma coming down the stairs. Martha's heart swelled with its wonted pride. How trim and sweet and refreshing she was in her dark suit and the ten-fifty head-gear, that sparkle of pleasure in her eyes, that sense of youth about her sprightly carriage.

She paused at the foot of the stairs, pulling on her gloves.

"I am sorry about that dress, Mamma—I didn't really want to pay for a new one, you know, but I must look nice. What color shall it be, Mamma?—I thought a rose one with black trimming perhaps."

And Martha, remembering the funny calico gown of her youth with its rows of black braid, smiled.

"That sounds very well, but—not too expensive, Alma."

"I just can't pay much and I just must hustle." She gave Martha a pert little kiss. "I won't be home for lunch to-day," she called back from the veranda. "I'll be shopping."

Martha, from the little hall window, watched Youth depart, then holding Love to her heart, she went back into the dining-room. Bruce was munching the last piece of toast; Martha sat down at Henry's place.

"Bruce—" he started at the directness of her tone, "Just between ourselves—what do you think of Alma?" "Just between ourselves," Bruce tilted back in his chair, "just between ourselves, Mom, I think she is some looker!"

Martha laughed at his frankness, got up and began to clear away the dishes. Then she went upstairs to make the beds. Alone in Alma's chintz-hung room with the ivory toilet pieces on the dresser, its rose-shaded light and tiny desk, Martha seemed to be looking into the heart of Alma. She stopped to straighten the cover on the dresser—how hurried Alma had been that morning—how thoughtful it had been of her to get breakfast. The cover was crooked, and Martha, bending over to adjust it, looked straight into the eyes of a strange young man.

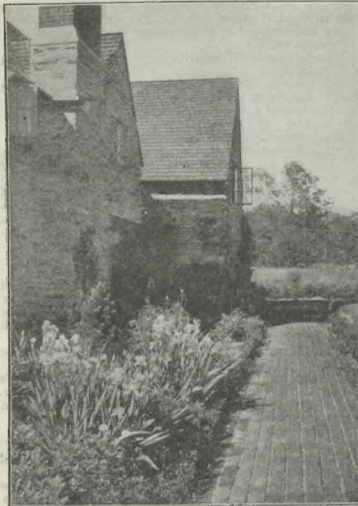
She picked the photograph up in hands that trembled a little and stared at it intently. It was a clever, handsome face, with a sharp cynical chin and eyes like deep places—the eyes were like deep places to Alma. Across the bottom in a sure bold hand was written "To Alma, Always, HARRY."

She put the photograph back and stood staring at herself in the mirror. Her brow wrinkled, her mouth drawn.

(Continued on page 32)



"I am writing Buster now,—I hurt him Mamma. Oh, I know I hurt him!"



Mellor, Melis & House, Architects

Against the stone walls of this picturesque little English cottage, slender evergreens are grouped to form a dark background for a wide border made gay the summer 'round by a succession of long-loved perennials: iris, Canterbury bells, foxglove, columbine, larkspur, pinks, chrysanthemum and Oriental poppies. The wide walk of red brick is a colourful adjunct.



HOME-BUILDING—to most of us, at least—is a wonderfully fascinating topic, one to which we turn at all times with avidity. We eagerly scan the pages of magazines and newspapers, we search through countless books, we visit scores of houses in course of erection; all in quest of original ideas in house-architecture to be lodged in memory's storehouse against that happy day when building can be actually commenced.

Although this perennial interest in home-building is both natural and commendable, it is, by its very fascination, somewhat apt to overshadow one matter of fundamental import—that is, the proper selection of a site. In reality, the selection of the site is the first logical step toward the acquisition of a new home, because upon the nature of that site hinges (or should do so) the architectural treatment of the house.

With this fact in mind, site-hunting assumes its merited rank in the very forefront of any home-building project; and, even though the prior selection of a site may savour of a duty, it can, when intelligently entered upon, afford keen pleasure.

If the prospective builder is forced through business or sentimental associations to confine his site-hunting to a given locality, he is, of course, scarcely likely to view the undertaking as an undiluted joy; for the number of available properties will in all probability be altogether too limited in number to afford an adequate choice. There will thus be lacking the opportunity of weighing the merits of one property against many others, of one community as opposed to others equally accessible.

The real fascination of site-hunting enters, then,



Unusually wide doorways have been incorporated in this plan to impart to the living room, the dining room and the hall much the effect of one large room: which is an especially useful arrangement for entertaining purposes. Quite unusual, too, is the amount of closet space provided upon the lower floor—a feature particularly appealing to all good housewives.

BEFORE YOU BUILD

The Selection of the Site is The First Logical Step Toward the Acquisition of a New Home

By CHARLES VAUGHN BOYD

when the prospective builder is bound to no defined section; when he is free to choose between a number of communities, all of which possess commendable features; when he is able to search, without tiresome restrictions, for just the type of site that his imagination has long conjured.

IN connection with site-hunting, one of the first and most important points to consider is transportation; for, even in this age of many motors, other forms of transportation have not lost their hold upon the general public, nor are they likely to for long years to come. What, then, of the type of transportation available between the possible homestead and the place of business, and what of the time consumed by the trip?

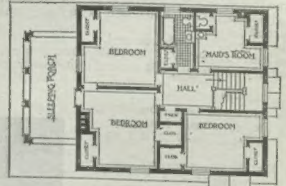
The cost of transportation must also be taken into consideration—and, interwoven with that, the comfort of the trip to and from work. Although the cost may rise with each additional mile, there is, to balance this, the greater likelihood of a comfortable seat for the commuter, in the morning if not at night! Still another phase of the transportation problem is the possibility of delay during severe winter weather. For the city dweller, who is considering the suburbs, due attention should therefore be devoted to the records of the transportation companies serving the various communities which the site-seeker is inclined to view favorably, in order to ascertain exactly what to expect under adverse weather conditions.

The proximity of either the train or trolley terminus is likewise of importance to such a site-hunter, when it is remembered that the distance between the homestead and the terminus will have to be covered at least twice every working day, whatever the weather may be. But, for a home in which there are growing children, it is not sufficient that train or trolley be readily accessible: it is just as essential that there be reasonable proximity to a good school, and that the road to and from that school be free from menace to health and limb.

BEFORE passing judgment upon the suitability of any site, the general character of the entire neigh-

This is, naturally, quite inapplicable to the new communities which appear with startling number and amazing growth near any large centre of population. With these, the criterion must rather be the physical character of the development; the improvements made, particularly in the shape of roads, sidewalks, light and water; and, in these phases, there must always be considered the matters previously mentioned—proximity to transportation, schools and other conveniences of modern life.

As for the actual site, while a fixed criterion is obviously out of the question, there are certain points which should invariably receive careful attention. The question of size is, for example, always of importance. When



The maid's room, equipped with toilet facilities, is suitably placed adjacent to the stair-landing; and the plumbing fixtures are upon the wall next to the bathroom and immediately above the kitchen equipment to promote economy of installation and maintenance. Diagonal ventilation and ample closet-room mark the bedroom arrangement; with the hall reduced to a minimum.



C. E. Schermeshorn, Architect

What site could be more delightful than this? Great old trees and luxuriant shrubbery to soften all harsh contours and a stretch of silvery water to mirror land and sky! Into this setting, the red-roofed, roomy-plastered house of hollow-tile, with shutters of bottle-green and white-painted trim, fits perfectly. And be it noted, living room, dining room and porches are admirably placed to afford their occupants an uninterrupted outlook upon the lake.

Neighborhood should be investigated. Well-kept neighbouring houses and pleasant gardens do not necessarily create an ideal environment for a home-to-be, although they are undoubtedly desirable adjuncts. For instance, there may be, quite hidden away, some manufacturing plant, which, under certain atmospheric conditions, overwhelms that apparently pleasant neighborhood with soot-laden smoke, noxious fumes or irritating noise. These conditions are, of course, especially apt to arise in communities contiguous to a large city or upon a main railroad artery.

One excellent criterion in choosing a new home-site is the number of "For Sale" signs in any established neighborhood—for these usually silently point to any impending or accomplished change of character that may be driving the earlier inhabitants to other sections.

There is a choice afforded between lots of larger and smaller size, it is, of course, preferable to choose the larger—that is, if its maintenance is not likely to prove a burden on either purse or person. The less restricted property assures an abundance of air and sunshine around the house and it also affords greater freedom from the too-engrossed attention of neighbours—which is no unimportant point!

Exposure, too, plays a big part in the selection of a home-site. The preference should be given to a Southern exposure, when that boon can be had without the sacrifice of some other desirable feature. An exceptionally attractive view is, however, usually accepted as a fair compensation even for the loss of a Southern exposure—because, with careful planning, and the right (Continued on page 30)

SHE noticed him with a thrill of blurred recognition, the moment she entered the car. But he, apparently, did not see her until she had seated herself. He stared for an immeasurable part of a second. Then his whole face broke into a smile charged electrically with delight. He pulled off his hat with a swift, vigorous gesture. With his head bare, he looked appallingly alien.

This is the formula of her thoughts for an infinitesimal interval:

"Oh, dear, I haven't the remotest idea who he is. I know I've never seen him before in my life. I'm sure I'd remember a man that looked like that. I won't bow. I'll simply glare at him until he slinks out of the car. But I can't cut a man with a whole crowd standing round to watch the massacre. Maybe he's made a mistake."

"I will bow. But suppose he's calculating on my not daring to throw him down before people—suppose he takes advantage of my kindness to come over and talk with me. I won't bow."

She bowed.
"I know as well as I know anything that I never met him in my life. I never saw such a girl as I am for seeing people that look like somebody I can't remember. Perhaps he did it just as an experiment to see if I would. Perhaps he thinks I'm the kind of girl that—Perhaps this feather is too long! But I have always thought if there was anything that could be said to my credit—it was that I looked like a lady."

"I'm sorry I bowed.
"Probably I have met him somewhere. Where was the last place I went before going to St. Johns—oh, I know, that evening at the Gordons—there were fathers of new men there. That's where I met him. Wouldn't it have been awful if I'd cut him! I wonder if the doctor my veil has worked on to the end of my nose. I'll get his name in a moment. I'm glad I bowed."

SHE stole a sideways glance in his direction when her sixth sense told her he was looking away.

No, it was impossible that he could be a mere vulgar villain. He had all the stigmata of the thoroughbred. He had a long, sinewy body that broadened into shoulders that cut off the whole view from the window at his side. He had the kind of chin outline that she particularly liked—clef, too, not dented. The hand that grasped a bag full of golf sticks was slender, muscular, full of character. There had been in his eyes, when he bowed, that straightforward, pleasant look that much traveling had led her to believe was characteristic mainly of the men of her own country.

Of course after that she stared straight ahead.

"Now let me think of the men I met at the Gordons—there was the one that had the walrus mustache—the one that looked like a peanut—the one with the fuzzy English accent—the pink-looking one with the mauve eyelashes. Then there was that nice Western boy who told me I was easy to look at. Oh, I know! This one must have come with that crowd of real men who stopped at the door in the automobile with Charley Gordon. Charley Gordon insisted on dragging them in. They were all in those cubby-bear coats and of course men never look remotely human in goggles. It's out of the question trying to remember his name."

"Wouldn't it have been dreadful if I hadn't bowed?"

ON THE other side of the bridge the car began to empty. There was a vacant place at her side presently. She knew the exact moment when he arose. She did not move an eyelash as she felt him drawing nearer.

"Have you seen the Robinsons lately?" he asked pleasantly as he seated himself at her side.

Oh, it was at the Robinsons that he had met her then. That was a different thing. It was as if he had been marked "sterling." There were never any "seconds" at the Robinsons.

"Not for two weeks, I think," she said with her prettiest air of graciousness. "How are they all?"

His face grew serious. "Then you haven't heard?"

"Heard?" She turned directly to him and her eyes went wide with alarm.

"Of Mrs. Robinson's accident? Please don't look



"YOU WOULDN'T LET ME BELIEVE THAT YOU DON'T DARE TO COME TO SEE YOUR BEST FRIENDS ON MY ACCOUNT?"

The Match Breakers

By INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE

Illustrated by MARY H. CAMPBELL

like that!" He went on reassuringly: "She's not dangerously hurt. She was thrown from an automobile two or three nights ago—she's all right now—there were no bones broken."

"How dreadful!" Her soft brows gathered into a furry frown. "Are you quite sure she's all right? Have you seen her?"

"No. But I called last night. And they assured me that she was quite herself again; that she had, in fact, taken a short drive in the afternoon."

This was half reverie and he did not say anything. But his look was sympathetic. His face was even nicer, she thought, in its serious aspect.

"It would be awful to have anything happen to Mrs. Robinson," she went on. "She's such a dear. And such a wonderful woman too. Wherever she is things happen—don't you think so? And you always meet such charming people in her house."

"I have—certainly," he acquiesced with enthusiasm. "What car are you taking?" he asked as they both arose.

"An Arlington car. But I want to run into the station and telephone first."

"I'll hold the car for you," he offered. "I'm going to Arlington too."

"I tried to get the Robinsons," she said on her return, "but nobody answered the phone. But I got Marvin and ordered some flowers to be sent out to her. I—"

"There's our car now," he interrupted.

"Who was with Mrs. Robinson at the time of the accident?" she asked as they seated themselves. "Or was she alone?"

"No, I believe Dora was with her."

"Dora?" she repeated questioninglly.

"Dora?"

"Yes, her daughter."

"But Mrs. Robinson has no daughters." He stared at her. "She has two daughters."

"Two daughters." She returned his stare. "What Mrs. Robinson do you refer to?" she asked after a perplexed pause.

"I mean Mrs. Marmaduke Robinson of Belton Roads."

"I've been talking about Mrs. Aston Robinson! At least," she went on haughtily, "it was to her that I had the flowers sent with a most affectionate message of sympathy for her accident."

He remarked:

"Perhaps you'll be so good," and her cutting tone broke his laughter short, "as to tell me where you met me."

"Why, at the—" he began confidently.

Then he began to stammer. "I—I thought I met you at a tea given by Mrs.—Mrs. Marmaduke Robinson—three weeks ago. There was a girl pouring tea—no, she was lulling out that cold slushy stuff they give you at teas. Anyway she had a feather that dripped down over the side of her hat just like yours." He looked encouragingly at her as if this alluring description must jog her memory.

"As I don't know the Mrs. Robinson to whom you refer, I could not possibly have met you. It's not necessary for me to remind you that we don't know each other."

He arose instantly. "I beg your pardon," he said simply. "It was all my fault."

He raised his hat. He retreated to a seat in the farthest corner where he sat with his arms folded, looking away from her, out the window. Once she saw his shoulders shake. She knew he was thinking of the flowers. Her own shoulders took a loftier pose.

THEY were getting out toward Arlington and the wind had become a gale. The sky was a polished blue bowl on whose smooth sides the whipped-cream clouds tried vainly to get aground. In the east, a mass of them, huge, puffy, overblown, huddled against the horizon line. The trees were all bent double in their efforts to withstand the onslaught. The flapping garments on the clotheslines across the street were distended into bloated, gargoylike parodies of the human figure.

He saw none of this.

He was thinking what an ass a man is anyway. But if girls only knew how different they looked when they were rigged out for an afternoon tea in dewdalls, dighatts, waxes, and drosses from the street when they wore real clothes. That girl at the tea was a dead ringer for the one in the car. It was enough to feaze any man. He would like to put them side by side and let their own mother pick them out. When he came to think of it, though, the girl at the tea had a wart or a mole or a wee something on the side of her chin. And her eyes were brown. The girl in the car—idiot that he was—had gray eyes—luscious lamps they were too. He groaned mentally. Anyway they both wore the same kind of feather—one of those spaghetti feathers that keep blowing into a man's eyes and mouth—he could swear to the feather! At Arlington Center everybody in the car but the girl and himself changed for Winchester. With a comfortable sense of being immune from discovery, he stole glance after glance at her during this process.

She certainly was a "looker." From the buckles on the pumps that revealed the beginnings of slender ankles, to the carefully adjusted veil, her appearance held that note of jaunty trimness that, beyond any other, pleases the masculine sense. Through her veil glimmered a wave of brown hair, burnished softly with gold, gleamed eyes that shone with a virginal calm, sparkled teeth fretting in a pearly line at proud red lips.

She had not, all this time, looked once in his direction. But, suddenly, something outside caught her attention

(Continued on page 44)

Getting Wise

Beefsteak Sees a Great Light

By OWEN JOHNSON

Illustrated by F. R. GRUGER



THEY WERE GOING TO TRACK THE YOUNG HIGHWAYMAN DOWN AND ROARED THE WALADOO BIRD

WHEN Montague Skinner, son of a capitalist and capitalist himself, found by successive disillusionizing experiments that the school was neither impressed by his own worldly personality or ready for the launching of genteel sporting practices, he fell into a period of abysmal depression that he could see no guiding more overwhelming in that he could see no guiding streak of light in the complete darkness of his darkness.

He had failed to impress. There was no doubt on that score. And as his moral education, by sharp processes, began to be accomplished, he himself began, curiously enough, to lose the zest for the ways and distinction of completed manhood and to long wistfully, unbeknownst to his comrades, for the simple frolics of a mere boy.

The trouble was that he was always an outsider. He perceived it despairingly, as he perceived the vital truth that a night train on an indigestible tinned food and dyspeptic root beer was still a banquet and a banquet that needed no more fortunate patron.

When Turkey Reiter had indiscreetly informed him that his fatal drawback was the reputation for billions, he spoke the truth, and he might have added that every billionaire in such an assemblage is held to be impossible, dudified and deserving of hard labor until he has removed the burden of suspicion.

NOW the Uncooked Beefsteak could not comprehend this truth—he debated it, he meditated long thereupon in solitary tramps, he tried to comprehend it, but the traditions of his first sixteen years were too strong. It could not be so. It could not be that a generous open purse, a purse waiting to be called upon for the multifarious enjoyments of those he chose to single out as his friends, could be a handicap. His theory could not be wrong, the blunder must have lain in indiscreet application. Some way there must be to win popularity and stop the humiliating and mental services to which he was daily condemned by his paternally solicitous housemates. For, unable to perceive the larger good, the Beefsteak could see no useful purpose to be served in this course in primitive tailoring, complete housework and general bootblackening.

At times the House relented, hoping that the lesson had been learned. Unfortunately, Skinner could not seize the subtle class distinctions which forbade him, a mere bag of money, a noncombatant, what was permitted to the nobility of the muscle and brain.

Of a consequence, no sooner was the ban lifted than he became familiar instead of humble, boastful instead of inquiring, pushing instead of thankfully receptive, and given to using nicknames which were reserved for those who had progressed to the second degree. Upon which the House would convene and agree that the Beefsteak was still unfit for human intercourse and assign him back to the boots and the clothes brush.

Now, in about the tenth period of this recurrent discipline, the Beefsteak had suddenly a brilliant idea. The Easter recess was approaching, he would invite MacNooder to spend the week with him at his father's hotel, and by dazzling him with its splendor and magnificence awake him to a proper sense of the Skinner importance.

The result steadied him in his wavering belief in the theory of the supremacy of capital. Not only was there an instant somersault on MacNooder's part, a change accomplished between the blacking of one boot and the withdrawal of the other, but the effect in the House was electrical.

Half an hour after MacNooder had received the invitation, the Triumphant Egghead smilingly appeared in the Beefsteak room, with a genial manner.

"Hello, Monte, old boy, not studying, are you?" "Come in," said the Beefsteak, chuckling inwardly. "What a perfectly corking room, a peachero!" said the Egghead, surveying for the first time the walls decorated with photographs of certain theatrical ladies

who adorned but did not elevate the stage, and chronos of national bruisers in boxing fights.

"You like it?" said Skinner carelessly. "And gee! Look at the Dottie-Dimple Toes! Say, you don't know all these fairies, do you?"

"I'll put you next to any of them," said Skinner, relaxing into the past.

"Gee, I'd like to meet a real live actress," said the Triumphant Egghead, slyly approaching his opportunity.

At this moment the door opened and the Waladood Bird came in. The Triumphant Egghead shot him a furious glance which was returned by one of suspicion and envy.

The Waladood Bird, giant of the football eleven, sat down and, smiling on Skinner, said with directness:

"Say, Monte, I've got to get a couple of suits bitten out for me in New York. You know the whole dressing game from A to Z. Give me a couple of pointers on what's the real thing. Look over my style of beauty and put me on. And say, what's the best hotel to stop at?"

The Waladood Bird understood but one method of attack and that was a mass through the center of the line. But at this moment the door swung the third time and the Tennessee Shad entered, slightly out of breath, with a glance at the two visitors that sought to seize on the instant if he had been forestalled. Close on his heels came Dennis de Brian de Boru Finnegan, who beat to the threshold the Gutter Pap and Lovely Mead.

That night the Uncooked Beefsteak, who had been watching the mere luncheon by those who were most concerned in watching one another, went off to sleep more thoroughly happy than he had been in months. He had played the trump card and the stakes were his. No more would he lighten the burdens of Klondike, the Ethiopian, no more would he bend in servile postures over the oozing muddy boots of striplings in knickerbockers, no more would he listen in isolated darkness to the whispered merriment of distant feasts; he would select with a ruthless and distinguishing finger his guests among the elite of his comrades; there could be a week of princely entertainment and then he would return, one of the chosen, a member of the *crème de la crème*.

11

ABOUT three o'clock in the afternoon of the opening of the Easter vacation there debarked at the Cortlandt Street terminal of the Pennsylvania Railroad a party of five in close marching order, consisting of MacNooder and Dennis de Brian de Boru Finnegan in advance, the Waladood Bird and the Tennessee Shad supporting the center and the Triumphant Egghead guarding the rear.

"Halt!" said MacNooder.

"What for?"

"We must consult. How shall we approach the Regal Hotel? On foot, in a swiftly moving trolley, or drawn by prancing horses?"

"Hire a hack, o'

course," said the Triumphant Egghead, who represented society. "You can't enter a hotel on foot."

"Why not?" said Finnegan.

"It isn't done."

"Rats, I'm for hoofing it. Show me the sights of Broadway and all that sort of thing."

"You're a hayseed and a jayhawker," said the Triumphant Egghead.

"Don't let's quarrel yet," said the Tennessee Shad soothingly. "I've only got sixty cents and I vote for the Elevated."

"I think a barouche is an unnecessary expense," said MacNooder, who calculated on the Triumphant Egghead's buying the carriage.

At this moment the Waladood Bird was discovered filling his pockets with peanuts.

"Mercful heavens!" exclaimed the Egghead in horror.

"You ignoramus, what are you doing?"

"Eating peanuts," said the Waladood Bird, suiting the action to the word.

"Are you going through New York scattering shells like an Italian?"

"I am," said the Waladood Bird, who had the Western contempt for the abode of the unconvicted rich.

"I won't be seen with you."

"Don't."

"If he is determined," said MacNooder meditatively, "he had better work it off. Let's walk."

The Triumphant Egghead immediately engaged a coach and hid himself in the company of the Tennessee Shad, whose exertions were always mental.

The Waladood Bird, flinging out peanut shells with the regularity of a thrashing machine, strode defiantly, flanked by Dennis, who stopped from corner to corner to buy an extra, and MacNooder, who showed a lively interest in the new attractions in the shop windows.

A matter of a block behind, at a patient walk, came the hired coach from the recesses of which the Triumphant Egghead gazed upon the offenders with wrath and disgust.

"Wonder what he thinks this Regal Hotel is?" he said furiously. "An actor's boarding house?"

"I know for a fact," said the Tennessee Shad to soothe and comfort him, "that the Waladood Bird has only two dollars and thirty cents."

"Awfully funny, ha! ha!" said the Egghead who was in no mood for humor.

"He must get filled up sometime."

"If he don't, it's all off. Do you think I'm going to march into the foyer of the classiest thing in New York with an elephant ten feet high cracking peanuts?"

"How far is it uptown?"

"Five or six miles."

(Continued on page 27)



"SAY, LOOK HERE, THE WALADOOD BIRD HAS GONE CLEAN THROUGH HIS BEED" GASPED THE TENNESSEE SHAD



John Bunny's School in Bunny Town
Achieved a reputation.
The Bunnies passed with highest marks
In each examination.

And day by day, and week by week,
The cheerful hours did pass;
Each Bunny trying hard to be
The smartest in his class.

But yet, in time, these Bunnikins
Of lessons grew quite tired:
To have some real variety
They each and all desired.

Said one, "My lessons grow quite dull,
Some change I'd like to see;
Reading and writing, spelling too,
Grow wearisome to me.

Some time ago we learned about
The Birds both great and small;
Those Nature Lessons seemed to us
The nicest of them all."

Then said John Bunny, "Good Idea!
The time has come that we
Should learn of beasts upon the land
And fishes in the sea.

"We'll talk of Beasts that roam the wilds,
In countries far away:
To learn their names and habits
Will take us many a day.

"Some animals are wild and fierce;
They roam through plain and wood,
And hunt for other animals
That form their daily food.

"While others, just as big as they,
And some much bigger yet,
Exist on roots and grass and leaves,
And thus their living get.

"So we will sort them out in groups,
According to their habits,



To make our lesson easier
For weeny little rabbits.

"The LION is the King of Beasts,
Poets his praises sing;
And all the other animals
Accept him as their King.

"His roar is like the thunder,
Consistent with his might,
Like other Cats he sleeps by day,
And hunts his prey at night.

"The TIGER is both fierce and strong,
The largest cat that's known;
He lives in forests, hunts by night,
In couples or alone.

"His tawny hide is barred with black,
Alternate with the yellow;
Though fierce and wild, you must admit
He is a handsome fellow.

"The LEOPARD
is both fierce
and strong
And very bold,
and so
He ventures
where the
Tiger
Would never dare
to go.

"The OUNCE,
the Leopard of
the Snows,
Frequents the
mountain peaks
Where through the snow-clad ranges
For mountain sheep he seeks.

"The JACKAL feeds on the wild hare,
But likes tame poultry best;
And men who live where Jackals roam
Consider them a pest.

"The strange HYENA hunts at night,
But hides the whole day long;
He is a coward, though his teeth
Are extra large and strong.

"His cry is something like a laugh,
Both weird and strange in tone;
He follows other animals,—
Afraid to hunt alone.

"In many lands the BEAR is found;
Some black, some brown, some white.
To tell you all about the Bears
Would take a day and night!

"Some live in caves and some in trees,
And some amidst the ice.
Some sleep the whole long Winter
through,
Which must be rather nice.

"When Bruin starts his Winter sleep,
Quite fat and sleek is he;
But in the Spring when he comes out,
A different sight we see.

"For Bears are fat as butter
When first their sleeps begin;
But, when the Winter's over,
They're very, very thin!

"They wake up when they're hungry,
(Perhaps they have a pain),
And start to eat and eat and eat,
Until they're fat again.

"The WALRUS is a Water Beast,
Which weighs about a ton.
He spends his life amidst the ice,
Under the Arctic Sun.



"The WOLF is
like a great
fierce dog.
A Dog, in fact, is
he.
And in the North-
ern Countries
The largest wol-
ves we see.

"These are the
animals which
prey
on other Beasts
for food.—
We'll now consid-
er those who eat

The growth of field and wood.

"The Great WILD BOAR of India
Eats roots and fish and fruit;
Stays by himself—though when attacked
He is a dangerous brute.

"The ELEPHANT, though huge in size,
May yet be tamed with ease;
And when his driver wants to mount,
He goes upon his knees.

"And in our parks the Elephant
May oftentimes be found;
The children love to have a ride,
So far above the ground.

"But in the countries where he lives,
In bands he roams the wild;
And other animals he meets
Don't find his temper mild.

"The Lion, and the Tiger too,
(Though both are fierce and strong),
Make way when Mr. Elephant
Happens to come along.

"The CAMEL in the desert lives,
Where water's hard to find;
He goes for weeks without a drink,
And doesn't seem to mind.

"And men who live near sandy wastes
Call him the "Desert Ship";
Without his aid they dare not go
On many a desert trip.

"The tall GIRAFFE, as you may know,
Grows eighteen feet in height.
He feeds upon the leaves of trees,
And so is harmless—quite!

"He reaches with the greatest ease
The tender shoots up high;
But when he wants to reach the ground
Quite hard he has to try.

"Although his neck is very long,
His legs are longer yet;
He has to spread them wide apart
If grass he wants to get.

"The HIPPOPOTAMUS is found
In rivers, and can sink
And walk along the bottom,—
A clever feat, I think!

"The "River-Cows" they call them in
The countries where they live,—
(Though Cow's a word that hardly seems
The right idea to give.)

"The ZEBRA, all except his stripes,
Is something like the horse;
In bands he roams the desert plains,
And lives on grass, of course.

"The CROCODILE of India
You all have heard about.
He's not a wild beast really,
But we couldn't leave him out!

"We've only had a few short words
About each special beast.
To give the details of each one
Would take a page, at least.

"Are you, my Bunny, one of those
Who knows, and understands
The habits of the great wild beasts
Which live in foreign lands?

"Books may be had which tell at length
The lives these wild beasts lead.
It might be good to get these books
And all about them read.



And good John Bunny, later on,
Will tell about the DEER;
Of many kinds, in many lands,
Some details you shall hear.

Perhaps, in Canada, you think
There isn't much to tell;
But you will have a lot to learn
Before you know them well.

And some day we will have a page
Of Animals near Home,
That through our own Canadian woods
And mountain-country roam.





3446—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress, to be slipped on over head and drawn in and bloused at slightly low waistline or to hang free. Round, square or V neck; drop shoulders; long sleeves (with or without slash), perforated for short sleeves. Sizes 16 years,

36 to 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4-1/4 yards 36-inch material. Price 35 cents. Transfer 15076, 35 cents.

3659—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece, Slightly Long-

waisted Dress, to be slipped on over head with oval or U neck and bloused at waistline by casing with elastic inserted. Lower edge of dress in scalloped or straight

(Continued on page 26)

If there is no store in your town handling Home Patterns, you can order them direct. See page 32 for instructions.



3483—Ladies' and Misses' Coat, in 45 or 48-inch length, collar worn high or low and with or without strap at right side of back. One-piece sleeves sewed in large armholes and with or without cuffs. Sizes 16 years, 36 to 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3-3/4 yards 54-inch material. Price 35 cents.

3836—Ladies' and Misses' Coat, with fronts rolled low or buttoned close to neck and with or without inverted plait at center back. One-piece raglan sleeves with turn back cuffs in either of two outlines at upper edge. Patch pockets at front with laps in either of

two outlines and with or without front inset pockets. Belt with round or pointed ends. Sizes 16 years, 36 to 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3-5/8 yards 54-inch material. Price 35 cents.

3777—Ladies' and Misses' Suit Coat, with notched or shawl collar, two-piece full length flare sleeves with cuffs or perforated for fitted sleeves. Pockets with or without trimming straps. Length at center back is 29 inches. Sizes 16 years, 36 to 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 1-3/4 yards 54-inch material with 3/4 yard 36-inch contrasting material. Price 30 cents.

3641—Ladies' and Misses' Suit Coat, with convertible collar and one-piece straight lower band. One-piece full length sleeves, perforated for seven-eighths length sleeves. Sizes 16 years, 36 to 40 inches bust measure.

3481—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Skirt, gathered at top lapping at front and fasten with snaps or French tacks. Having straight lower edge and may be made of a shawl, scarf or bordered material. Sizes 16 years, 28 to 36 inches waist measure. To make suit in size

(Continued on page 26)

If there is no store in your town handling Home Patterns, you can order them direct. See page 32 for instructions.

Ordinary cleanliness won't do for towels, which come in contact with dishes. They need and deserve Fels-Naptha cleanliness.



Wash dish-towels daily with FELS-NAPTHA

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You can tell
by the smell

For men, too!

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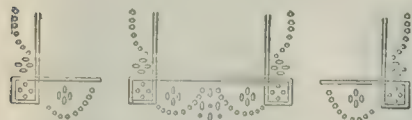
TEST Fels-Naptha's wonderful efficiency. Send 2¢ in stamps for sample bar. Address Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR



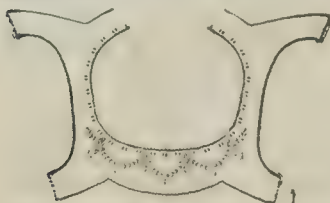
Home Pattern 14568—Design for a Nightgown. This dainty nightgown design should be embroidered in solid work and eyelets. The design is also appropriate for use on a chemise or corset-cover. Nine skeins of No. 25 working cotton are required. Price 25 cents.



Home Pattern 14441—Design for Child's Yoke. Lingerie Waist or Nightgown. The design may be developed in solid or eyelet embroidery combined with lace insertion or braid on a child's dress or apron. 6 skeins, No. 25 working cotton or 8 of filo silk, 1 1/2 yards of lace insertion or 3 yards of braid are required. Price 25 cents.



Home Pattern 14493—Design for a Nightgown. The pattern includes transfers for stamping the front and back in one, and the sleeves. This design may be developed in French and eyelet work. It is appropriate for use on a slip-over or one-piece nightgown, chemise, or corset cover. Price 25 cents.



Home Pattern 14730—Yoke Design for a Combination. The transfer is in two parts which must be put together before transferring the pattern. This yoke design for a combination may be used on a slip-over garment or one opened at the back. It is appropriate for use on combination garments or corset-covers of handkerchief linen, lawn, batiste or crepe de Chine. The design should be developed in solid and eyelet work. Price 25 cents.



Home Pattern 14509—Design for a Combination Garment. ruffles each 37 inches long. This design for corset-cover and drawers ruffles should be embroidered in solid work and eyelets. The design requires 18 skeins of No. 20 working cotton. Price 25 cents.

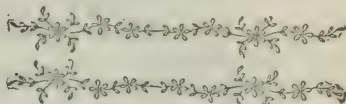


Home Pattern 14133—Design for Embroidering a Corset-Cover or Chemise. It may be used on a slip over on back-closing garments. Price 25 cents.

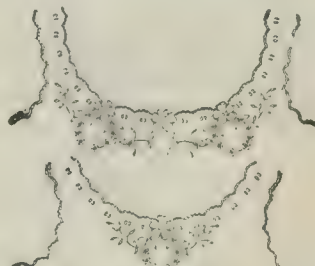


Home Pattern 13234—Daisy Design for Corset Cover. The leaves of this garland of daisies are embroidered in the French laid work, and the daisies may either be done in the same way or may be worked as eyelets.

Home Pattern 14655—Design for an Empire Nightgown. The pattern includes transfers for stamping neck, sleeves and a strip of beading. The large flowers should be embroidered in solid work and the small flowers and leaves in eyelets. The large eyelets may be omitted if a loose gown is preferred. Price 25 cents.



Home Pattern 14304—Design for a Child's Dress. 6 sprays (each 2 by 13 1/2 inches; 3 reversed. These sprays may be carried out in French or eyelet work. They are most attractive for use on underwear, waists, belts, neckwear and infants' garments. Price 25 cents.



Home Pattern 14046—Design for a Corset-Cover, Chemise or Nightgown. This design can be used for either front or back-closing garments. For a back-closing garment, the scalloped front edges must be cut away before stamping. The design should be worked in French laid and eyelet embroidery. Price 25 cents.



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3696—Ladies' and Misses' Pajamas and Cap, kimono waist with two lengths of short sleeves and with collar, or without collar and in V outline at back; four-piece, gathered, lower section with fulness in legs drawn in at lower edge with elastic forming frills; with or without pockets. Sizes 16 years, 36 to 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3-7/8 yards 36-inch material with 2 yards ruffling. Price 25 cents.

3526—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Step-in Drawers, in either of two styles. Cut in sizes small, medium and large. The medium size requires 1-3/8 yards 40-inch

material with 2-1/2 yards lace edging. Price 25 cents

3314—Ladies' and Misses' Undervest in either of two outlines at top. Sizes 34 to 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 1-1/2 yards 36-inch material with 2-1/4 yards lace banding, and 2 yards ribbon. Price 25 cents.

3727—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Nightgown, to be slipped on over the head with short length kimono sleeves and with or without pockets and belt, fulness in neck drawn in with ribbon. Sizes 16 years, 36 to 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3-1/4 yards

36 or 40-in. material with 1-3/4 yards ribbon. Price 25c.

3796—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Sleeveless Negligee, to be slipped on over the head with trimming piece over each shoulder extending below lower edge of negligee, or in narrower width extending to lower edge of negligee at right side only and with trimming piece over left shoulder extending to waistline; with wide or narrow sash. Sizes small, medium and large. The small size requires 4-5/8 yards 36-inch material with 4 yards ribbon and 25 yards ruffling. Price 30 cents.

(Continued on page 20)

If there is no store in your town handling Home Patterns, you can order them direct. See page 32 for instructions.

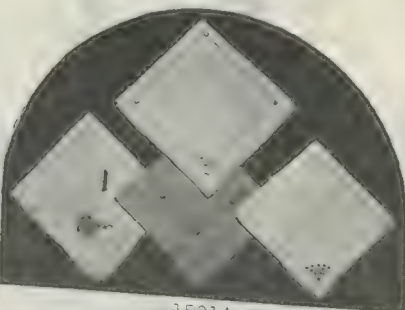


14934
1-1/2

14934—Handkerchiefs with different corner designs. The pattern contains 2 handkerchiefs with scalloped edges 10-1/2 inches square, and fourteen transfers for corners. Price 30 cents.

15057—Cut-work alphabet. Pattern contains one transfer of each initial. Price 30 cents.

15014—Handkerchief designs developed by drawlo threads. Pattern contains 23 designs. Price 30 cents.



15014



15023

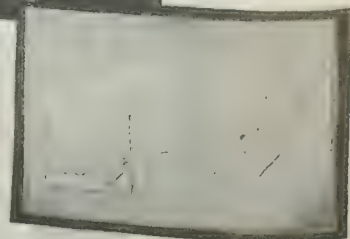
15023—Designs for tea cloth and napkins. These designs may be developed in cross-stitch, outline-stitch or appliqué. The pattern contains transfers for 6 tea cups and 4 transfers of teapot and 4 rows of cross-stitch design. Price 30 cents.



15056

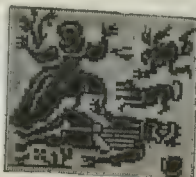
15056—Border Design, suitable for dress trimming and household linens. The border is 20 inches wide and there are 3 yards of the transfer. Price 35 cents.

15033—Madeira Luncheon Set. The pattern contains transfers for 6 plate doilies, 6 tumbler doilies and 1 center piece. Price 40 cents.



15079

15079—Fillet Patterns for household articles. The pattern contains 4 transfers of each of the three designs, making 12 in all. Price 35 cents.



15019

If there is no store in your town handling Home Patterns, you can order them direct. See page 32 for instructions

Out of Season Vitaminizing in the Country

A Chat with the Woman who Lives in a Rural District
and Faces the Problem of a Doctor's Order to
Feed Up—By One Who Has Done it.

MARION MOORE



YESTERDAY we had a letter from a western friend, who ended her epistle by remarking, "We have had a lovely fall and are promised an open winter." As an ex-resident of the west, I know just how she feels about that hope of an open winter. Even the mere phrase makes us limber up—relax to life a bit, as it were.

We have very much the same feeling toward those of our friends who have what we call an open mind. They seldom get worked up over an argument, for they are sufficiently broad-minded to want to know other folk's points of view. Whatever faults they may have, such friends seldom bore us; there is usually something they are "side-living" or "hobbying" on; they are generally interested in things and are therefore interesting themselves.

NOW when it comes to that prosaic subject, meals and food—how do you regard it? As a tremendous bore? Of course we admit that a great many times come to all of us when we do wish someone would invent a whole meal in tablet form! However, this convenient solution not yet being a reality, the best thing to do is to "hobby" on our foods, to a certain extent—to study food values from a scientific angle, or think of it as a game, golf for instance, which may look ridiculous to the on-looker, yet season in and out, holds the player's interest, simply because each time he hits the ball, there seems to be something new to learn.

Is it not much that way with food? We have just finished—(or have we finished?) getting such words as proteins, carbohydrates, etc., through our heads, when along come frisking those flappers of food society—the vitamins.

Are they really old, sedate friends, erstwhile known as plain cabbage, carrots, turnips and tomatoes, who with the craze of the day, shortened their skirts, bobbed their hair—and ventured forth as vitamins? Or are they really foreigners—new citizens who have come to dwell in our midst?

Both. The vogue of the vitamin does demonstrate once more that there is a new under the sun—but the vitamins have been wall-flowers, while the dressy cakes and pastries held the floor—especially in small towns where the latter have so many admirers. No—when people talk about "the discovery" of the vitamin—that they really mean is the discovery of the importance of the vitamin.

Electricians, you know, do not know what electricity is—yet they are able to make use of its results every day. The same with vitamins; it is no disgrace not to know what they are—for even the most learned chemists have reached no definite conclusion on the matter. But doctors and dietitians have studied them and know their importance. It is up to us to profit by the advice they give us.

We quote the following from Dr. Paul de Kruif, who has written a most interesting article on "The Vitamin Craze":

"Despite a great amount of research, we do not know the chemical structure of vitamins, which we did, we could make them in the laboratory. The exact way in which vitamins play their important role in life is not known. But it is quite evident that they bring about in some mysterious way the assimilation of food by the body."

THIS is going to be a short article and not a book, so we are going to take a lot of things for granted. For instance, we expect that you have been keeping tab on up-to-date food articles and are therefore familiar with proteins (milk, eggs, meat, beans, peas, etc.), carbohydrates (potatoes, bread, rice, sugars, etc.), the fats (butter, cream, shortenings, etc.), and the minerals (chiefly contained in fresh vegetables and fruits).

And the vitamins? Where do we look for them? In milk first, the one perfectly balanced food, containing all needed elements for the diet. Next, in the fresh and leafy vegetables, in the husks or shells of wheat and other grains, and in fruits, especially the citrus fruits—lemons, oranges and grape fruit.

Secondly, we are taking it for granted that you have sufficient common sense to realize that an article in a magazine should never be read, inwardly digested and, in case of illness, used instead of a doctor's diagnosis. People cannot be told what ails them in wholesale lots, nor through the mails, even when the trouble would appear to be very ordinary. If you are always tired, for instance, always feel run down—don't monkey with the buzz-saw—i.e., don't keep on trying to follow the extravagant method of doctoring yourself, but consult your family physician.

But a magazine article can be of real value in preserving health, and in helping to carry out hygienic health routines, which your physician approves of in connection

with you as an individual, if you are under his care.

In this article I am not going far afield for our "for instances"—but am going to get really chummy with the reader, and just chat over some phases of this "eating for health" idea.

"Fine," said the head sanatorium doctor to me, one time, "Fine—you've gained ten pounds, have considerably more reserve strength, and if you are worrying about getting home, I'll give my consent to your going—provided you'll keep up the feeding (stuff yourself—3000 calories per day—no less!) and with the same sort of menus as we give here, emphasizing the fresh vegetables, fish and fruits."

I was quite sure of the "would" part—I had fought a sufficiently long and difficult fight to be thoroughly anxious (now, especially, as I had a little start on a new foundation), to keep up the work of getting back to normal health. Yes, "I would," as far as possible, keep to a sanatorium routine—early to bed; feeding up; trying to let the things of each day be sufficient unto the day (non-worrying method). But "could" I? That was the thing. In my own particular environment, "could" I?

FIRST, as to household routine. I do not now have a "wash day, ironing day, mending and cleaning day." I work on the following method. I try to keep one day ahead of myself, so to speak. For instance, each day, I put a few things together that must be washed; dampen down a few things to iron (which have been washed on the previous day); am not so spick and span that the entire house has to be gone over every day and kept with a shiny surface. I go over the upstairs twice a week—the downstairs twice a week—and that is quite sufficient for any ordinary house. Then I put together a few things for mending or sewing.

That is the sanatorium idea carried out in your own home—using different sets of muscles, daily, for a short time. "Little and often" is the slogan—especially in cases of nervous exhaustion—not "all or nothing," which is usually the way those of us who work with nervous energy are apt to run our routines. Is it not so, my friend?

Strange as it may seem with the matter of housework, women in small cities are learning to relax better than many women in the country. Watch yourself. Do you think it inefficient, "plain lazy,"

to think out and plan how many things you can sit down to do—instead of standing? Washing dishes, ironing and many other chores are really sit-down jobs. A few pennies spent, and a little conference held with friend husband or the local handy-man, and wonders can be accomplished with raising or lowering heights of tables, stools and chairs for work, and so effecting a physical saving almost incalculable.

No—it is not that kitchen cabinets and labor and back-saving devices cannot be made welcome in the country as well as in the city kitchen; it is the mental attitude behind it all. Remember this—paste it on the kitchen wall where it can be seen by all the family (though not necessarily by unsympathetic neighbors who might chide you for shiftlessness), that energy saved in such things as dishwashing, ironing, etc., is not laziness, for it means that at the end of such work, instead of such work, instead of being "all in"—you have some reserve left for other work or for play. This really represents the height of efficiency.

NOW as for obtaining sanatorium menu items, (every one of those things which should appear regularly on every family table), in small towns and on the farms. Again, it is more a matter of mental attitude than of actual impossibility. To refer again to my own case. When the doctor spoke about the food I was to eat, it seemed to him and to city readers as entirely simple—but you who live in small towns of from 600 to 1,000 population, know how it is about fresh vegetables, for instance, in the winter, late fall and early spring.

The local grocer only carries such things in the season when there is little need for them to carry them, when the local gardens are in full bloom. The rest of the time you substitute—or you don't substitute (which is more apt to be the case)—and if you happen to be a nervous or easily run-down individual, you suffer accordingly.

We people who live in small towns, are much too prone to have plenty of cakes, pastries, and such like, and bow to fate in the matter of the lack of winter lettuce, celery, spinach, fresh fish (except on the sea coast or in watering places)—and especially do we consider oranges and grape fruit as extras—like buying a box of candies—instead of considering their vitamins highly essential, and including fruit in the family's food budget.

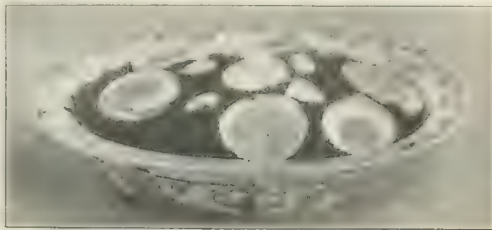
Local grocers are apt to give their local public pretty much what the majority of that public demands. Why should they go to the expense of bringing and storing out-of-season lettuce, spinach, green cabbage, rhubarb, and so forth, when there are perhaps only about two people in the town who even ask for them? The smallness of the demand is what keeps up the price of such things in small town markets.

As long as the housekeeper or her family considers that to have lettuce or celery at any times except Thanksgiving and Christmas, is "out-of-season," such things will remain out-of-proportionately expensive. But if every Woman's Institute member, or members of any other organization, decided to patronize the local grocer or butcher twice a week, say, for lettuce—he could then buy it wholesale and sell it as reasonably as it is sold in the cities.

The same with other small town luxuries, as dried apples, which, however, are not necessarily luxuries in cities.

There is something for country women and country societies especially to think about. The cost of food for a family living in a small town is not only just as high, but often higher, than for the same family living in the city—and the small town dweller does not get the same value for her money because she cannot get the same variety.

Where the small town family wins out in financing is on rents, less demand or need for large wardrobes or store-bought clothes, and on the general expense of "staying around" (even carfare is a big item in the city), not to mention the temptations for one's pennies in the endless movie houses and theatres. I speak, not from statistics, but from personal experience, for I have lived in the country—then in the city—then back to the country. (You see, I belong to one of the nomad tribes—banker's families.)



Spinach is invaluable and is popular when nicely prepared

There are many things—such as buying spasmodically and in smaller quantities, etc., which keep up prices in small towns. Eggs and milk may be a few cents cheaper, but to counteract that, other items are usually a bit more expensive. Perhaps we small-towners will just have to be content for the present to have our food bills equal city food bills—but we can get better value for our money, by being united in our mental attitude concerning the worth of fresh vegetables. We can say "See here, if city housekeepers can be supplied by greenhouses, we small-town folks can be too." But somebody has to start these things, you know—so here's a chance for you to shine in your own small corner—and be a force in your own home town.

Now I know what you've very possibly been thinking all this time: "What a bunch of rubbish!"—or "I've eaten salt pork in the winter and vegetables from the cellar—pickles, canned fruits, pies and cakes, but also milk and eggs—and I can get through a bigger day's work than a lot of my lettuce-eating city friends."

Fine—yours is one of those enviable constitutions which makes use of all—or practically all—of the food taken in. (Continued on page 31)

THE SEASON OF ENTERTAINMENT

Calls For The Best Of Cake Making



RICH cake, plain cake, large cake, small cake—one with a luscious frosting or a smooth-cutting loaf cake—what is the favourite in your home? Once a favourite is established, however, there is always danger of running it too hard. Variety is a tremendously successful ingredient in any recipe.

Here, then, you may find a slightly different recipe by which you can achieve a long-familiar result, or you may choose from these cakes one that will challenge the reigning favourite.

If eggs are plentiful with you, the White Fruit Cake may win your interest. If, on the contrary, eggs are scarce and high in price, let me recommend the One Egg Chocolate Cake—or the Eggless one, for that matter! There are others, too, which are very modest in their demands. The same with butter—it is surprising what good results can be obtained with really very little shortening, sometimes none of it butter, or perhaps part butter, for flavouring purposes, and part some good, pure shortening.

Spice Cakes

- 1½ cup sugar
- 1 cup butter
- 2 eggs
- ½ cup molasses
- ½ cup sour milk
- 1½ cup flour
- 1 teaspoon cinnamon
- ½ teaspoon cloves
- nutmeg
- 1 teaspoon soda
- ½ cup seeded raisins
- ½ cup walnut meats

CREAM butter and sugar and add the beaten yolks of the two eggs, the molasses and the sifted flour, to which the spices have been added (alternating flour with the liquids). Beat the soda into the sour milk, and add gradually the raisins and broken nut meats, which should be lightly floured and stirred into the mixture, and the well beaten whites of the two eggs added last.

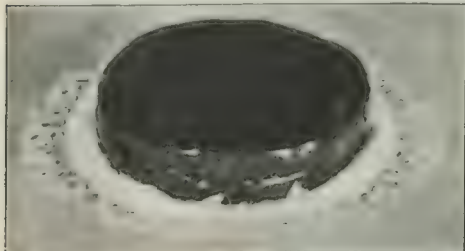
Bake in muffin pans and cover with frosting.

White Fruit Cake

- 1½ cups shortening
- 1½ cups sugar
- 1 cup milk
- 4 eggs
- 3 cups flour
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 lb. raisins or dates
- ½ cup candied citron peel
- 1 cup currants
- 1 teaspoon almond extract
- 1 teaspoon lemon extract or 1 lemon rind

CREAM the butter or butter and fine vegetable shortening mixed, with the sugar, very thoroughly. Beat the whites of the eggs very stiff, then add 1 yolk at a time, beating to a foamy mass. Add this to the butter and sugar and sift in the flour and baking powder, alternating with the milk. Beat well, then mix in the fruit and peel. Bake in a moderate oven for about two hours.

It is always a pleasant addition to a fruit cake which



is not going to be iced, to sprinkle the top with blanched almonds, before baking.

One-Egg Chocolate Cake

THIS is a very economical cake indeed, as it may be made with little butter (or other shortening), only 1 egg, and no milk—although milk may be used instead of water, adding, of course, to the nourishing value of the cake.

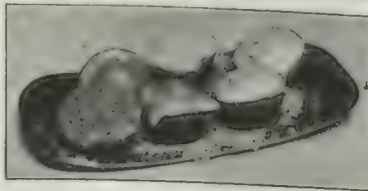
- 2 tablespoons shortening
- 1 egg yolk
- 1½ squares chocolate
- 1½ cups flour
- 1 teaspoon soda
- 1 teaspoon cream of tartar
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup hot water
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

CREAM sugar and shortening together, add the egg yolk (the white may be used to make a boiled frosting); melt the chocolate and add to the hot water (or milk). Sift the dry ingredients together, adding them to the mixture alternately with the liquid. Add flavouring extract and turn into greased cake pans. Bake in a moderate oven. Plain white boiled frosting, or chocolate orange icing, would be good on this cake.

Date Nut Cake

- 1 cup sugar
- ½ cup shortening
- 2 eggs
- ½ cup sweet milk
- 2 cups flour
- 1 teaspoon cream of tartar
- ½ teaspoon soda
- 1 cup dates
- 1 cup nuts

CREAM sugar and shortening together and add the eggs, well beaten. Sift together the flour (saving out about two tablespoons with which to flour the



dates and nuts) cream of tartar and soda and add alternately with the milk.

Stone and cut up the dates; break up the nut meats. Dredge both with the flour and stir them into the mixture. Bake in a loaf pan.

Almond Macaroons

CRISP home-made macaroons, safely packed in a closed tin, give one the very comfortable assurance that an unexpected tea-guest will cause no embarrassment. The almond paste comes ready prepared and can be bought from grocer or confectioner.

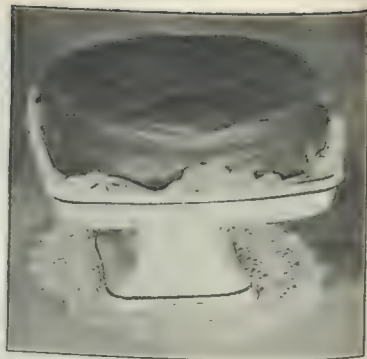
- ½ lb. almond paste
- 3 egg whites
- ½ cup powdered sugar
- blanched almonds

WORK the sugar well into the almond paste, and add the egg white, a little at a time, working always to make the mixture very smooth. Put some of it into a pastry tube, if you have one, or a cornucopia made of stiff paper, and squeeze out on a buttered paper or pastry sheet, (you may drop the mixture from a spoon, but the macaroons may not look so round, in that case). Do not place them close together because they spread while baking. Press half a blanched almond into each macaroon, and bake in a slow oven, 15 to 20 minutes.

Emergency Cake

- 1½ cups flour
- ½ teaspoon salt
- 1 cup sugar
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- 1 cup milk
- 4 tablespoons melted butter
- 1 egg
- 1 teaspoon flavouring extract.

SIFT together, twice, the flour, baking powder, salt and sugar. Add the milk gradually, beating thoroughly, then the melted butter and lastly the egg. Beat well for five minutes. Add the flavouring extract and turn



into buttered pans to bake. Put layers together with crab apple or other flavourful jelly and dust the top with confectioner's sugar.

Good Loaf Cake

A VERY good substitute for our favourite standby, Pound cake, made as follows:

- 1 cup sugar
- ½ cup butter
- 3 eggs
- ½ cup milk
- 1½ cup flour
- 1 teaspoon cream of tartar
- ½ teaspoon soda
- ½ teaspoon vanilla
- grated lemon rind

CREAM the butter and sugar together until very light. Drop in the eggs, one at a time, beating thoroughly. Sift in the flour, a very little at a time, beating constantly. Add milk and flavouring, mix well and bake in a slow oven for about three quarters of an hour.

Best Layer Cake

- ¾ cup butter
- ½ cup sugar
- 2 eggs
- 2 cups sifted flour (pastry flour)
- 3 teaspoons baking powder
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 2/3 cup milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla

CREAM butter and sugar until very light. Add the yolks of the eggs, beaten. Sift flour once before measuring it, then add the baking powder and salt to it and sift three times. Add to mixture alternately with the milk. Finally, add flavouring extract and fold in the stiffly beaten whites of eggs.

Cover with chocolate or maple icing or a boiled frosting with chopped candied pineapple in it.

Boiled Frosting

A SOFT, white frosting, rather fluffy in its consistency, is adaptable to many kinds of cake. There are just two things to watch—to boil the syrup to just the right point, and to beat until the frosting is best for spreading. One soon learns to gauge these correctly.

- 1 cup granulated sugar
- a little cold water
- 1 egg white
- flavouring extract

PUT the sugar into a small saucepan and add just enough water to barely moisten it all. Put over the fire and let it come to the boil. Cook until the syrup will "tread" off the point of the spoon.

Meanwhile, have the white of egg beaten very stiff, with the salt in it. Put it in a shallow dish and pour the syrup over it, a very little at a time. Beat constantly and continue to beat until the mixture becomes thick and smooth. Add whatever flavouring you are using (I hope you vary the usual vanilla and lemon with rose, orange flower water, almond, etc.).

Spread quickly, when the frosting reaches the right stage, using a spatula or limber knife dipped frequently into hot water.

Chopped candied cherries, finely chopped raisins, broken nut meats, chopped angelica or shredded candied fruits, all offer tempting variety for which the base need not be altered.



It happens in most families

Father somehow fails to hit the nail on the head

Mother undertakes too much

Brother -----

FATHER seems unable to handle a hammer without smashing his thumb—

Mother *will* keep on her feet all day—and have a tired, aching back at night—

And young brother! Baseball in the spring and football in the fall keep him the constant possessor of bruises and sprains.

No wonder in one out of every three American homes today, Sloan's Liniment has a prominent place on the bathroom shelf.

What Sloan's does

Sloan's Liniment brings almost instant relief to sore and aching muscles.

Most muscular and nerve pain is due to congestion. Congestion occurs when blood collects in a tissue and does not circulate freely. Fatigue—cold, damp weather—or an actual sprain or bruise—these are perhaps its most frequent causes.

Sloan's Liniment breaks up congestion by drawing the blood away from the congested or inflamed tissues. Normal circulation is quickly restored. Discomfort disappears.

A matter of minutes with Sloan's

The thing that astonishes you, if you have never used Sloan's Liniment before, is the rapidity with which it brings relief.

Made in Canada

Apply a little Sloan's to the sore or aching spot. Don't rub it in. Don't bandage.

Almost immediately you notice a warm, tingling glow—a drawing, healing sensation.

For a moment you think that this warmth has simply made you forget the pain. Then suddenly you realize that the pain itself is completely gone!

In its place is a soothing feeling of ease, comfort, relaxation.

Get a bottle of Sloan's today and keep it always on hand. Don't wait until some member of the family needs it badly.

You will find more practical everyday uses for Sloan's than for any other item in your medicine cabinet.

Sloan's Liniment

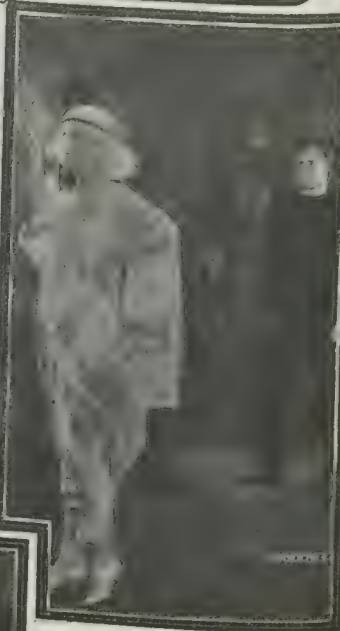
Wherever congestion causes pain—use Sloan's

The Christian

Has Been Adapted from the Famous
Novel and Play by Sir Hall Caine



John Storm pleads that love of a woman prevents him from keeping his vows and begs to be released from his obligations.



We owe the glimpses of lovely bits of English scenery to the fact that Director Maurice Tourneur took his principals to England and made his outdoor scenes against their true background.

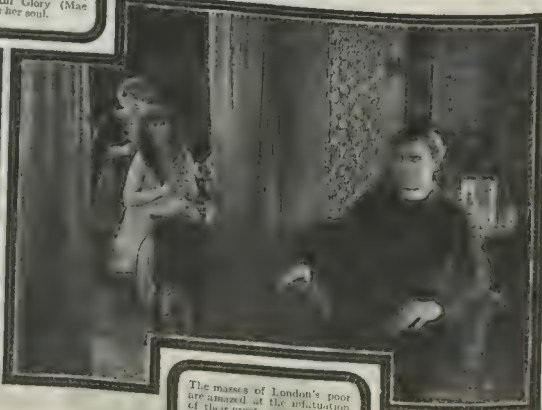


The Glory who appears at the upper left, as the village sweetheart of young John Storm, enters his life again as the successful music-hall star, the toast of London.

John Storm (Richard Dix), frenzied by conflicting forces, decides to kill Glory (Mae Busch) to save her soul.



This is really Epsom Downs on Derby Day—the entire 1922 Derby is shown in this picture.



The masses of London's poor are amazed at the affliction of their great religious leader for a notorious actress.



All aboard for Paramount!

MANY a dull evening has been galvanized into gaiety and sudden action by someone calling out:

"Let's go down and see that Paramount Picture."

On go the wraps and two minutes later six or eight examples of Youth and Beauty are happily crowded aboard a shining limousine en route to the show.

Whether they travel in limousines or in street cars, the people who are always on the lookout for the best in entertainment recognize that the great Paramount organization has placed an entirely different aspect on the quality of motion pictures.

The greatest names in Literature, in Drama, in Art, in Direction, in Stardom, in

Stagecraft, in Costuming, in Photography, in Impresario-ship, are with Paramount.

—attracted there by the unprecedented opportunity, first for correct interpretation of their plans and ideas through Paramount's world-wide producing organization, and second by the sheer scope of Paramount's distributing machinery.

What a luxury for men and women of creative genius to have their work reach millions where elsewhere it reaches thousands, and to reach them with an art as perfect as Paramount's!

But if Paramount Pictures are aristocratic in quality they are democratic in distribution. For Paramount Pictures are shown not alone in

the great cities, but in practically every town and hamlet in the country. No place is too small to be served by the great Paramount organization. More than 12,000 of the 17,000 theatres of the U.S.A. and Canada show Paramount Pictures. If the theatre you attend doesn't show them, ask the manager to get them.

The rich man's dollar buys him no better photoplays than the poor man's half or quarter.

In every theatre's newspaper announcements, and in the lobbies, and on the placards, you see the biggest entertainment news of the day when you see the phrase: "It's a Paramount Picture."

That's the best show in town!

Paramount's Six Newest Productions

MARION DAVIES in
"When Knighthood was in Flower"

Directed by Robert Vignola
A Cosmopolitan Production.

DOROTHY DALTON in
"Dark Secrets"

by Edmund Goulding.
Directed by Victor Fleming.

GLORIA SWANSON in
"My American Wife"

by Monte M. Katterjohn,
based on the story by Hector Turnbull

CECIL B. DE MILLE'S
Production
"Adam's Rib"

by Jeanie Macpherson.
With Milton Sills, Elliott Dexter, Theodore Kosloff, Anna Q. Nilsson, Pauline Garon

"Drums of Destiny"

with
MARY MILES MINTER
Supported by George Fawcett
Adapted by Will M. Ritchey from
"Sacrifice" by Stephen French Whitman.

JACK HOLT in
"Nobody's Money"

by William LeBaron.
Directed by Wallace Worley.
Scenarios by Beulah Marie Dix.

An Autographed Photograph of your Favorite Paramount Star FREE

Sign your name to the coupon below, have it countersigned by the Manager of your Theatre and mail the coupon, indicating which Star's photograph you prefer.

Famous Lasky Film Service,
Dept. E, 206 Victoria St., Toronto

Gentlemen:—Please send me, free, autographed photograph of

Your name

Address

Countersigned by—

Manager

Theatre

Paramount Pictures

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
INCORPORATED IN THE U.S.A.

Charming Frocks For Semi-Formal Occasions

(Continued from page 12)

Grape Juice Dainty

GRAPE JUICE DAINITY. Made with Cox's Gelatine, is a practical and delicious dessert for winter-time meals. It requires no fresh fruit and is easy to prepare.



(8 to 7 persons)

1 envelope Cox's Gelatine
1½ cup (4 ozs.) sugar
1½ cups (¾ pint) cold water
1½ cups (¾ pint) grape juice
2 eggs

Mix Gelatine with sugar and water. Stir over fire until dissolved, strain into bowl, add grape juice and cool. Heat up eggs, add grape juice mixture gradually, beating constantly until smooth. Turn into serving dish. Serve with or without sauce.

Cox's Gelatine enables you to prepare a delightful salad or dessert at a moment's notice. Keep it always on hand. Being unflavored and unsweetened, you can use it also in jellies of all kinds and for soups and savories. Cox's Gelatine is absolutely pure.

We would be glad to send you, upon request, our little booklet, "Cox's Gelatine Recipes." It contains many helpful suggestions for delicious and inexpensive dishes made from Cox's Gelatine.

Cut out and save this recipe.

Cox's Gelatine is made in Scotland

THE COX GELATINE CO., LTD.
Dept. 2-14, P. O. Box 8009, Montreal, Que.

Cox's

Instant Powdered
GELATINE

Goddard's
Plate Powder
For polishing Silver



Size in box—25 cents.

Sample on receipt of 5 cents, in stamps from F. J. BENDIS & CO.
1130 Avenue of the Americas, New York

best measure. Size 36 requires 3-1/2 yards 36-inch figured material with 1-3/8 yards 36-inch plain material. Price 35 cents.

3742—Misses' or Small Women's long-waisted Dress; (suitable for evening wear) opening at left side, waist draped at under-arm with two-piece yoke forming drop shoulders, with or without one-piece full length sleeves gathered to wristbands; one-piece straight gathered skirt, perforated to cut apart in scalloped outline for contrasting material and in either of two widths. Sizes 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3-5/8 yards 36-inch material with 12-1/4 yards ruffling. Price 35 cents.

3456—Ladies' and Misses' Dress, blouse closing at left shoulder and under-arm seam and with collar, square or V neck. Underwaist closing at front with oval, square or V neck and long sleeves perforated for shorter length. Attached

outline. Trimming band at each side of front and back. Loose hanging and below waistline, and with round or straight lower edge. One-piece full length sleeves with wristbands extending into the ends and perforated for short length. Sleeves with cuffs extending into loose hanging ends. Sizes 16 years, 36 to 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4-3/4 yards 36-inch material. Price 35 cents. Transfer 15061, 35 cents.

3537—Ladies' and Misses' Dress, to be slipped on over the head and opening at left shoulder, suitable for flouncing or lapped or plain materials. Having long sleeves in one with front and back of blouse, with inset sleeve sections or the edges connected by straps. Straight one-piece skirt joined to blouse at slightly low waistline. Sleeves are perforated for short length and dress is blouse by an elastic in casing. Sizes 16 years, 36 to 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3-3/8 yards 36-inch material with 1-5/8 yards 1-1/4-inch ribbon with 1 yard 2-1/2-inch ribbon for belt. Price 35 cents. Transfer 15085, 30 cents.

3781—Ladies' One-piece Dress, opening at left side front, and in either of two lengths. With or without trimming piece at left side front. A casing with elastic each side of dress at slightly low

36 bust and 28 waist requires 3-5/8 yards 54-inch material. Price 30 cents each.

3784—Misses' or Small Women's Suit Coat, with vest opening at left side and with or without trimming strap at lower edge with round or high roll collar. Two-piece sleeves with or without cuffs. Length at centre back is 22 inches, sizes 14 to 20 years. Price 30 cents. **3785—Misses' or Small Women's long-waisted Dress,** to be slipped on over the head with oval or square neck. Two-piece short length kimono sleeves with one-piece lower section gathered to wristband and forming full length, with three two-piece slightly circular pieces stitched

one-piece tucked over-skirt with plain under-skirt showing at centre front. Tucked over-skirt is perforated for plain gathered skirt used without under-skirt. Sizes 16 years, 36 to 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 5 yards 36 to 40-inch material with 2-1/8 yards 36-inch lining. Price 35 cents.

3505—Ladies' and Misses' Dress. The one-piece dress slipped on over head with long kimono sleeves in one with dress, perforated for shorter length. Having panels at front and back. The skirt sections are gathered and joined to waistline and panels may have oval or U neck and lower edges in straight or pointed outlines. Sizes 16 years, 36 to 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3-1/2 yards 36-inch plain material with 1-3/8 yards 36-inch figured material. Price 35 cents.

3635—Ladies' and Misses' Dress, suit-

(Continued from page 13)

waistline. Oval neck with two-piece lapels or plain V neck. One-piece full length three sleeves or one-piece short length sleeves. Sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 11-1/4 yards 36-inch material or 3-1/2 yards 44-inch material. Price 35 cents. Transfer 15073, 35 cents.

3776 Ladies' and Misses' Slightly long-waisted Dress, round neck opening in front at neck and with collar, or oval neck opening in back at neck. Short kimono sleeves with cuffs or with one-piece lower section forming full length and with or without flare extending below wrist. A cuff is used as a trimming piece with full cuff is used as a lower tiered skirt, lower tier with straight edge and remaining tiers slightly tapered. The lower part of waist to 10 inches and 10 inches. Size 36 requires 3-1/4 yards 36, 40 and 44 inches material. Price 35 cents. Transfer 15074, 35 cents.

3774 Ladies' and Misses' Long-waisted Dress, opening in back with round or arm, full length kimono sleeves perforated at short length. One-piece straight skirt with or without trimming. Size 16 years, 36 to 40 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards 36-inch

(Continued from page 14)

on one-piece, slightly gathered foundation skirt. Sizes 14 to 20 years. Price 35 cents. To make costume in size 16 years, requires 3-3/4 yards 54-inch material with 1-3/4 yards plaiding.

3638—Ladies' and Misses' Coat, with convertible collar, straight band joined to lower edge of kimono sleeves to form full length. Coat bloused at front with belt or plain hanging with belt. Size 36 requires 3-1/8 yards 54-inch material with 1-1/2 yards 54-inch material. Price 35 cents.

3820 Ladies' and Misses' One-piece with or without loose hanging back panel,

(Continued from page 15)

etc., forming a casing for elastic, opening is at the lower edge. Sizes 16 years, 36, 40 and 44. Size 36 requires 3-3/4 yards 36-inch material with 3-3/4 yards 54-inch material. Price 25 cents. Transfer 15015, 50 cents.

3720 Ladies' Dressing with upper edge in pointed or straight outline. Sizes requires 5-5/8 yards 36-inch material with 1-1/4 yards 36-inch wide elastic and 1-5/8 yards 36-inch wide elastic or two 3-inch straps.

3707—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece with upper part in scalloped outline and lower edge rolled over in collar effect; has Size 16 years, 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards 36, 40 or 44-inch material with 7 yards edging. Price 25 cents.

3809—Ladies' and Misses' Step-in Combination with round or square neck. Sizes 16 years, 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch material with 4 yards lace banding and 2 yards ribbon. Price 25 cents.

3826—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece

able for evening wear. Consisting of one-piece, basque waist, opening at left side and in scalloped or straight outline at lower edge with 4-3/8 yards U neck with collar and vest, with or without one-piece short length draped sleeves, one-piece gathered skirt, joined to camisole at regulation waistline and in scalloped or straight outline at lower edge. Sizes 16 years, 36 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4-3/8 yards 44-inch material with 10-1/4 yards binding. Price 35 cents.

3678—Ladies' Dress with oval or V neck, consisting of kimono waist opening in front with full length sleeves perforated for shorter length, and with front and back waist panels. One-piece draped skirt, forming cascade at left side of front and in regulation waistline. Sizes 36 to 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3-7/8 yards 36-inch material with 5/8 yard 27-inch lining. Price 35 cents. Transfer 15076, 35 cents.

material with 1-3/8 yards 32-inch or wider contrasting and 5/8 yard 36-inch lining. Price 35 cents. Transfer 15084, 30 cents.

3672—Ladies' One-piece slightly long-waisted Dress, opening at left side front with oval neck or round neck with standing collar. One-piece full length flare sleeves or one-piece full length dart fitted sleeves perforated for short length. Panel at each side of skirt in straight or round outline at upper edge and extending below lower edge of dress with right panel in shorter length than left panel. Fullness drawn in at waistline by casing extending to side fronts with elastic inserted. Sizes 36 to 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3-1/2 yards 36-inch material with 1 yard 22-inch contrasting material. Price 35 cents. Transfer 15083, 30 cents.

3586—Ladies' and Misses' One-piece Dress, closing at back. Having square or oval neck, short kimono sleeves lengthened by one-piece full length sleeves and with or without loose panels at front and back and adjusted at slightly low waistline. Sizes 16 years, 36 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3-3/4 yards 36-inch material with 1 yards ruffling. Price 35 cents. Transfer 15047, 35 cents.

plaited at neck. One-piece roll collar or two-piece standing collar. Length at centre back measures 46 inches. Sizes small, medium and large. The medium size requires 2-7/8 yards 54-inch material with 2-5/8 yards 13-inch fringe. Price 30 cents.

3683 Ladies' and Misses' Cape Wrap, with one-piece 'cape' gathered to with neckband and with rolled collar; with arm openings and with or without trimming bands. Size 16 years, 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3-1/4 yards 54-inch material with 2-3/4 yards 54-inch material. Price 35 cents.

3541—Ladies' Combination of one-piece, and a cape. Sizes 36 to 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2-1/8 yards 36-inch material with 2-1/4 yards edging and 1 yard ribbon. Price 25c.

3715—Ladies' Bathrobe, with slippers, girle with round or V neck and two styles of collar, with or without pockets and handkerchiefs. Sizes 36 to 48 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4-3/4 yards 36-inch material with 1/2 yard 36-inch material for girle. Price 25 cents.

3381—Ladies' and Misses' Camisole Slip, straight hanging or bloused at waistline. Sizes 16 years, 36 to 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2-5/8 yards 36-inch material. Price 25 cents.



GETTING WISE

(Continued from page 10.)

"He ought to get away with an awful lot of nuts by then," said the Shad who began to share his anxiety. "So this hotel is rather flimsy?"

"The flossiest."

"Lots of gilt and red plush and all that sort of thing."

"Sure."

"What's the food like?"

"The cuisine," said the Egghead elegantly, "is the most fashionable in the city."

"But the Beefsteak sets up for the grub?"

"Yes, you chump."

"Everything we get away with?"

"Sure."

"Perhaps if the Waladoo Bird knew that he would ease up."

The announcement, in fact, produced a decided sensation. The Waladoo Bird finished the last handsome outfit of the carriage at the peremptory challenge of the Egghead and then jarred the carriage springs while Finnegan made the common demand for a show of speed.

WHEN Montague Skinner, moving restlessly in the anteroom of the Regal Hotel, beheld the arrival of the overloaded coach, he was quite touched by the cordiality of the greeting he received.

"Leave it to me," he said intervening between the reluctant purse of the Triumphant Egghead and the grinning coachman. Then with an ease that made the Waladoo Bird stiffen up and take notice, he summoned a footman and said, "Charles, see what the fare is and have the office attend to it."

"Here, I say!" began the Egghead with not too much resistance.

"Oh! Now, Monte, this is ours!" said MacNooder more emphatically as he perceived an absence of danger.

"No," said the Beefsteak finally, but with the lightness that such a triviality merited. "From now on you are my guests."

The Tennessee Shad, who had sixty cents, exchanged a glance of delicious joy with the Waladoo Bird, who had a two-dollar bill, and, being thrown together in their voyage toward the elevator, whispered:

"It looks good to me."

"It certainly does."

"No expenses."

"None at all."

At this moment the Waladoo Bird was overwhelmed by a fearful thought.

"I say, he's got the bags."

"Who's got them?"

"The Buttons."

"Well, what of it?"

"We'll have to tip him."

"Well, tip him!"

"I've only got a two-dollar bill and a nickel," said the Waladoo Bird in a worried whisper.

THE Tennessee Shad nervously shifted his sixty cents to an inner recess, maliciously enjoying the confusion of the giant, who was wondering uneasily whether the elevator man would expect to be recompensed.

MacNooder, Finnegan and the Triumphant Egghead were escorted to their quarters by Skinner after leaving the Waladoo Bird and the Tennessee Shad in the adjoining room assigned them.

The Buttons, having deposited the bags, was languidly busy straightening the window curtains and shifting the chairs with that perfect expectant manner that is instinctive with those whose fortunate mission in life is to be tipped.

"What'll I give him?" said the Waladoo Bird in a muffled roar.

"How do I know?"

"I can't give him a nickel."

"Never!"

"Say, lend me half a dollar."

"Can't, MacNooder's got my purse."

The Waladoo Bird, who had faced the Princeton Varsity without a tremor,

quailed before the spruce representative of bell boys. For a moment his fingers hesitated over the plebeian nickel and then, blushing with combined rage and embarrassment, he blurted out: "Here—take this."

And he thrust upon him the two-dollar bill!

The Tennessee Shad, who had the profoundest respect for capital, was furious.

"You jackass, what did you do that for?"

"I had to give him something, didn't I?"

"Yes, but, Holy Cats, you can buy a bell boy for two dollars!"

"Well, what was I to do?" said the Waladoo Bird who, clutching his last nickel, began to feel the despairing loneliness of one who is stranded in the great city.

"Do, you blockhead?" Ask him to get you some change."

"Ask him—" said the Waladoo Bird in stupid amazement. "Well, why in thunder didn't you tell me?"

"Humph! Thought you'd been weaned from the bottle," said the Tennessee Shad, who now felt a sense of personal loss.

"Well, by gravy, I'll do it now," said the Waladoo Bird, bolting into his coat.

"Hold up! What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to track that young high-wayman down and shake it out of him!"

"Hold up! You can't do that."

"Can't I? Just track me!"

"Hold up! You'll make a social blunder!"

"Beans!"

When the triumphant Egghead with MacNooder and Finnegan entered the room they found the Tennessee Shad in an attitude of deep dejection with one ear trained for the outburst of an expected cyclone.

"What in blazes is the matter?" said MacNooder. "And where is the Waladoo Bird?"

The Tennessee Shad explained.

"My aunt's cat's paws that is awful!" said the Triumphant Egghead with a shiver.

"Wriggling snakes, what do you suppose he's doing?"

"He'll smash the crockery!"

"Had we better tell the Beefsteak?"

"Never!"

"Why the deuce didn't you look after him?"

"What do you expect?" said the Tennessee Shad, aggrieved. "Do I look like a tug-of-war team?"

"This is awful," said the Triumphant Egghead wiping his forehead.

THE door opened and the Waladoo Bird plumped in.

"Did you get him?" said the five in chorus.

"Get him?" said the Waladoo Bird in a rage. "Why, there are one hundred and fifty bell hops below, all hopping around, and every mother's son of them looks alike! Say, what color hair did that pirate of ours have?"

The Tennessee Shad promptly forgot.

"Look here, boy!" said the Triumphant Egghead. "This will never do. You'll queer the whole bunch."

"I gave him two dollars," said the Waladoo Bird sitting down with a crash that brought a groan from the light furniture.

"And don't go making a wood pile of everything you sit on!"

"What's wrong?"

"You. You're wrong. You're not fit to come into the parlor. A nice time we'll have with you! Didn't you ever see a hotel before?"

"Are you speaking to me?" said the Waladoo Bird rising.

When the altercation had subsided, another serious question arose.

"Where'll we dine?" said Finnegan, who had been coaxed. "Supposin' we grub with the Beefsteak—private dining room,"

(Continued from page 28)



Do you realize that health depends largely upon the condition of your nerves?

PERHAPS you know from bitter experience that when you drink a cup or two of tea or coffee at evening you do not get very much sleep that night. Or else, the fitful sleep you get does not seem to refresh and rest you as it should.

Remember that the caffeine in tea and coffee always works on the nerves, no matter when you drink these irritating beverages. Only you don't notice the effects during the day as much as you do when you are kept awake at night.

Why not be on the safe side? Stop tea and coffee for awhile, and drink healthful Postum instead. Postum is the delightful table beverage with a rich flavor that many thousands of people prefer to that of tea or coffee.

Your grocer sells Postum in two forms:—Instant Postum (in tins) prepared instantly in the cup by the addition of boiling water. Postum Cereal (in packages) for those who prefer to make the drink while the meal is being prepared; made by boiling fully twenty minutes.



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dish on the Hotel Regal public menu that Finnegan, MacNooder and the Waladoo Bird had not contended with, it was solely because the season outlawed it. They had neglected not a single theatre, riding to and fro always with an empty cab ahead as an outsider. The totaled record of meals consumed and carriages provided had made Skinner pater blink with amazement, and there had been a few words on the subject, including a cash offer if the visit could possibly be abbreviated.

But this was pure, inconsequential persiflage, and had been silenced at once by the announcement of his highly virtuous intention to secure a college education.

The Beefsteak, fondly secure of the affections of his late guests, brazenly deployed an array of theatric neckwear where it would most dazzle and astound.

Of course he had that admiration for the Waladoo Bird that d'Artagnan entertained for Porthos; Dennis de Brian de Boru fascinated him, and the Tennessee Shad moved him to envy with the dark and devious strategy of his mind. But, after all, it was MacNooder, the financier, and the Triumphant Egghead, the representative of society, who really stirred his heart strings, and they should be his special cronies, singled out from the multitude.

He finished the task of sorting his mar-

doesn't improve the boots a bit. Better go up now—quietly—and see what you can do with them.

"What!" said the Beefsteak, every hair of his head starting up with horror.

"Take great care of them," said Turkey Reiter, softly. "They are my favourite boots."

"You don't mean it!" said the Beefsteak, turning desperately to MacNooder. "Not again!"

"It's for your own good, you blasted millionaire," said MacNooder sadly. "It hurts us more than it does you."

A great lump rose in the Beefsteak's throat. He turned wildly to the Triumphant Egghead.

"Yes, MacNooder is right," said this last hope. "We're really doing you good. So, Beefsteak, when you finish the boots up nicely, come down on your tiptoes and brush up a few of my things. My clothes have been kept in such rattling good order lately that I should hate—"

But the Beefsteak, zigzagging in his walk, had wobbled up the steps. He went to his room and sat down, steadying his head in his hands. And there at last the full light broke over him.

That evening as the House was gathered for supper, Butcher Stevens suddenly exclaimed:

"For the love of Mike, look at the Un-

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now has ready for the Spring Party Season the following material—

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THESE will be sent free, TO SUBSCRIBERS ONLY, on receipt of the registration filled-in coupon and postage—3c. for one or 6c. for the three. Requests which do not comply with these rules cannot be filled.

EACH Plan contains several menus, recipes, and a host of appropriate games; decorations and invitations are also dealt with.

In Addition To The Above

WE HAVE available three booklets—St. Valentine's, St. Patrick's and Easter Celebrations—giving supplementary information in regard to menus, table decorations, etc. Each of these costs ten cents, and will be sent to anyone on application, whether a subscriber or not. Please add 3c. for postage. Of course, the free plans are absolutely complete in themselves, you do not need the supplementary booklets to enable you to give a party. But if you are giving a big affair you may be glad of more recipes and games than we could give in one article on the subject.

velous wardrobe and, yielding to an impulse, boldly arrayed himself in his latest tailored creation, a noticeable concoction in large brown and green squares. He surveyed with genteel pride the thin, perfect line of the red silk necktie, passing his hand over the speckled vest with large white buttons. He liked to dress well, in perfect taste, yet with distinction, and now at last he dared gratify this taste.

Secure as a Braddock in his complacent confidence, he went down the steps and burst in full vision upon the group.

"Well, old gazebos," said the Beefsteak, throwing back the sides of his coat, pea-cock fashion, "how do you like the spring sty?"

Turkey Reiter looked at Doc MacNooder and sadly shook his head, while in the group an ominous silence began to spread.

The Uncooked Beefsteak, all unawares, sauntered down to a position beside the Triumphant Egghead and clapped him on the shoulder.

"Egghead, old sporting life, tell the multitude about the classy food I corralled for you."

Then spoke Turkey Reiter, the czar, solemnly:

"Beefsteak, there is a pair of old muddy boots, standing right in front of my washstand. The mud is rather hard and

cooked Beefsteak!"

Around the corner came Skinner, clad in an ill-fitting pair of ink-stained corduroy trousers, a jersey in place of the loud vest and a slouch hat over his eye.

"Merciful heavens!" said the Triumphant Egghead with a shock. "Beefsteak, where did you get that rig?"

"I traded it," said the Uncooked Beefsteak firmly. "Got it for my last \$85 tailor suit."

"Dear boy, what does this mean!" said MacNooder with a horrible misgiving.

"Read that!" said the Beefsteak thrusting a paper on Turkey Reiter.

"What is it?"

"It's a telegram I've just sent home. Go on, read it!"

And Turkey Reiter read:
JOSHUA M. SKINNER,
The Regal Hotel,
New York City.

Cut my allowance to a dollar a week.

MONTAGUE.

"Explain!" said Butcher Stevens, dazed. "I will," said the Beefsteak militantly. "It means I am on, I'm wise. It means you've educated me and I know my lesson. From now on the bank is suspended. I'll start even. And remember this, I may still be a Beefsteak, but there's nothing uncooked about me—I'm done to a crisp!"



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Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Discolored by stains, it forms dingy coats. Tartar is based on film. That's why beautiful teeth were seen less often than now.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acids. It holds the acids in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

Very few escaped

Old ways of brushing left much of that film intact. There it remained to constantly threaten serious damage. So, despite all care, tooth troubles were increasing until very few escaped.

Then dental science sought ways to fight that film. After long research, two films were discovered. One sets to curdle film, one to remove it, and without any harmful scouring.

Able authorities proved these methods effective. Then dentists began to advise them. A new-type tooth paste was created, based on modern research. Those two film combatants were embodied in it for daily application. That tooth paste, called Pepsodent, is now used wherever careful people live.

Combats acids, too

Pepsodent brings other much-desired effects. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is there to neutralize mouth acids, the cause of tooth decay.

It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is there to digest starch deposits on teeth which may otherwise ferment and form acids.

Thus every use gives manifold power to Nature's great tooth-protecting agents in the mouth.



Teeth glisten everywhere today

You can see the results wherever you look. Teeth glisten which once were dim. Beautiful teeth are now more common, and people smile to show them.

Those prettier teeth mean cleaner, safer teeth. They mean that those people will hereafter have better tooth protection. They mean that children are better protected from the teeth they may have suffered from the teeth.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

A few days will convince you that you need this method. Cut out the coupon now.

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BEFORE YOU BUILD

(Continued from page 8)

sort of interior decoration, the sunniness and good cheer which South lighting confers can be reasonably approximated in a house that is faced to the North for the sake of an extraordinarily good view in that direction. All other things being equal, therefore, the pleasant outlook would appear to be too desirable to have other than generous attention.

And what of the grade-line of any lot under consideration? Is it lower than the highway or the adjoining properties? If so, soil from the higher land surrounding it is almost certain to be washed upon the lot during heavy rain storms. Then, too, the relatively low level may point to the possibility of underground springs or streams, that would be quite apt to dampen or even overflow the future cellar.

The washing of surface soil from the higher ground is likely to sadly interfere with gardening plans also, and thereby set at naught much hard work. It is likewise a possible source of dispute with the neighboring property-holders—even to a point not adjustable by diplomacy alone. If, then, any building-site is somewhat low, it is an excellent idea to view it not only in fair weather, but after a severe storm.

exposure—usually affords an altogether satisfactory home-site; although, in making a selection, it is advisable to note whether or not the property includes any wet or swampy places, to be traced to the outcroppings of impervious strata. These may appear at the surface, or, worse still, occur against a cellar-wall below grade, where the outflow of water can be dealt with only at considerable expense in labor and money.

WE HAVE thus far dealt only with possible sites in suburb or country; less can be said of city home-sites, for the choice of locality is frequently decreed by social station or by wealth, rather than by considerations of either health or convenience. It may, nevertheless, be interesting here to note the relation of city home-sites to health, as recorded by some recently-compiled vital statistics. For example, it has been shown that houses upon the North side of streets running East and West are more healthful than those on the South side. It has also been found that houses on streets running North and South, taken as a whole, are more healthful than those on streets running East and West. Incidentally, houses near street-intersections present, as a general rule, cleaner health-



Set in the heart of an old orchard, this simple Colonial house has the advantage of a leafy background; but its beauty has been further enhanced by an effective planting of vines and shrubbery around the foundation-walls. Barkery, clematis and arbutus are combined in the planting. The irregular stepping-stones add an interesting and appropriate note.

Residential districts that are, as a whole, agreeable and less healthful than those are almost invariably warmer in summer, and inclined to be damp at all seasons of the year; although the sheltered location tends to more temperate weather conditions during the winter.

There is, however, in some localities, a prevalence of down-draughts of air blowing at night to the valley-bottom; and this is especially noticeable when there summer home-site, such a valley should be appealing. Hill-top sites are, nevertheless, ideal for summer residences, exposed to "the four winds of Heaven" is not suited to year-round use, unless the occupants of the house be inured to bleak winter winds.

Partly up a hillside slope—if possible with a generally South or South-west

records than do those located midway in a built-up block. The inference is plain: healthfulness is practically synonymous with generous sunlight and abundant fresh air.

Granting that these desirable attributes are more easily attainable in the country than in the crowded city, the urban dweller—before rushing headlong into the purchase of a country-site—should remember the adage concerning the green of far-away hills. True, the country-area—capable of providing an abundance of fresh food for the table—and also greater opportunities for health-giving outdoor recreation. There are, however, certain disadvantages that cannot be ignored. Of these, the servant problem looms large upon the horizon—for help, whether for indoor or outdoor work, is notably difficult to secure in the country today. City-bred folk moving to the

(Continued on page 34)



Out of Season Vitaminizing in the Country

(Continued from page 21)

BUT what about your oldest girl, who has two big jobs on her hands at once? Nature is supplying her with one, growing so fast and blossoming into womanhood; and civilization is giving her the second—studying for her matriculation, possibly.

Being a wise mother, you have felt that she needed extra care and nourishment for both mind and body—so now under your direction, she has a veritable oesophagus to become a veritable toboggan-slide for raw eggs—and you have seen to it that she's "downed that egg-nog." But you will be a doubly wise mother if you also supply fresh vegetables and plenty of fruit with her meals. Keep easily accessible, figs, raisins, oranges, besides apples—and she will not buy so much cheap candy. (For there is sufficient natural sugar, so to speak, contained in such items, to counteract the desire for "refined" sugar.)

Then, again, while *you* may feel that you thrive on anything and everything, there are many of your neighbors who eat *just such*—and the same foods as you do—yet the doctor pronounces them *beside the mark* from malnutrition! In plain English, malnutrition means that they are either not taking the right food, or are not assimilating it—*not getting* all the good out of their food (where there is no actual shortage of food, in the first place). In such cases, an extra supply of vitamins is a great help in the assimilation of other heavier foods.

Milk and eggs are still the 'busy builders'; egg-nogs, yes—absolutely—but doctors do not consider them the one necessity quite as much as they used to do; milk and eggs are given a front seat, but they are at the same time being asked to move over just a bit, to give a prosaic cabbage or a saucy fresh lettuce a little room.

Just why things pulled directly (i.e., not stored in cellars) from Mother Earth, should contain a "somethingness," we do not know. Savages eat their meat raw—and their fish too (let's not talk about it). Also their grains are not milled and refined—therefore they need no study of foods, for their whole foods contain whole food values—and who ever heard of wild animals who hunt their own food needing more vitamins?

But civilized man, who "cannot live without cooks," discovered the refining of foods, the cooking and making over into hashes—so we do need food study in order to get back into our diets those things which, figuratively speaking, we threw into the scrap heap—and especially do we need to make some study of foods which are laxative, that we may throw away the old pill box.

TO RETURN again to my own problem and the way I met it:

Speaking simply concerning the availability of certain food items, it was a far cry from a sanatorium on the outskirts of a large American city, where almost any sort of food, from lobsters and sweetbreads to artichokes, could be had at any season.

When I undertook to carry out, in the main, my sanatorium routine, if I were allowed to return to my home after an extensive period of treatment, those particular items did not bother me, being too "fancy" for my personal taste; but what about those fresh vegetables? How was I going to get them?

I had it—I would grow lettuce in kitchen window boxes—celery and mushrooms down cellar—but, hold on—Fall was over; the ground was now too hard

to take into the house—and anyway I did not know much about growing things inside. I would have to consult some of my neighbors who were more 'up' in the subject than I, and have my information all ready so that I could start next Fall.

I had no hope of immediately arousing the general town public to patronizing the local stores for fresh things, according to the plan previously outlined. (Public opinion moves slowly.)

So for the 'here and now,' I would import. I instructed a grocer in the nearest large town to send me, twice a week, packed in a cardboard box, (as if they were flowers!) a stated quantity of any fresh or leafy vegetables obtainable—also, to lose three fresh yeast cakes (which cost flowers), and a week order made a manage—a day). Fruit was easy to manage—all I needed to do along that line was to patronize strongly our cellar apple barrel, and get grapefruit and oranges from the store (or, of course, a cheaper way is to buy them by the crate).

You see, once I had conquered the mental attitude—the rest almost automatically suggested itself.

About the yeast—some reader at this point doubtless has the happy thought that all she need do for extra vitamins is just to eat a yeast cake and presto!—the eater is vitaminized.

Not so easy as that, though—any more than one can get the benefit from "lots of fresh air"—by going out-of-doors for five minutes. The five minutes is all right, of course,—but it is only the part of a whole. It is only five minutes, no more, no less. So with my yeast cake; I included it as a part of my more-vitamins diet, in no way allowing it to interfere with my regular allotment of vegetables and fruit.

A word, too, concerning the taking of raw eggs—it has been found by careful laboratory tests, that a raw egg taken alone (without any other article of food *to fasten itself to*, so to speak)—just slips through the entire digestive tract about the same way it slips down the throat; of course, *some* nourishment is gained from it—but nothing like the amount which is in the egg.

To get the whole good from it, take your eggs soft boiled, poached, in custards or such—or mixed up into egg-nogs or beaten with a spoonful of cream.

THE following egg-nog recipe is used in some of the leading hospitals—and if you take it, you will find that it can be taken over a lengthy period without causing "bilious feelin's"—as the familiar milk and vanilla and egg mixture is apt to do; the lemon is a big asset, not only to add more vitamins, but also to offset the richness of the cream.

Half a lemon, 1 teaspoon sugar (or more),
1 egg-cream (the richer the better).

Mix lemon and sugar first, as if starting a lemonade. Beat yolk of egg and beat the white stiff. Mix these two (as for a custard) and put into the glass with the lemon mixture (use a large tumbler). Fill up with the cream, then mix all well in the tumbler and set on ice or in cool place for a while; it will be as tasty as any frappé.

Here's good luck to you, friend vitamin—and may you regain your good colour and more "pep" for the big business of living and the enjoyment of all the good things on this busy old planet of ours.



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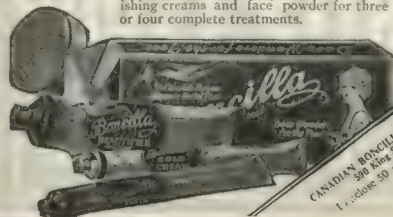
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EW 22



asked Martha on the veranda steps ere his departure.
"She is just tired from last night, Henry. Girls will be girls."

ALMA went with Martha promptly at three o'clock to the Mothers' Meeting at the North Street Mission. Martha was proud and happy with Alma walking the streets at her side, chic in the neat suit and the stylish hat.

Suddenly Martha remembered Harry McCoy, and some of the happiness departed. Alma was dressed for Harry McCoy after you give your talk.

"I'll go after you," Alma said as they came in sight of the Mission. "I'll play for them first. But I want to hear you talk. What is it about?"

"Courage in the home," Martha said, simply.

And Martha spoke simply to those frowsy women with the fretful babies, those souls struggling against the odds of ignorance and poverty, without chance or encouragement in their sordid lives—she spoke simply and truly—and directly, because she felt herself to be one with them. And Alma listened, the back of the tiny hall, felt a growing wonder in her heart and a lump came into her throat. Near by, a baby cried plaintively. She reached over and took it from the weary-eyed mother, quieting it with the slight shaking of her purse chain. Thus Martha found her with a baby in her arms, the face above the baby one intent, beautiful.

"Why, Alma!" she gasped, "I thought you had left."

"Isn't she sweet?" Alma chuckled the tiny chin playfully. "Just look at the cute dumpling, Mamma. The poor mother looked tired and she wanted to listen to you so badly but the baby cried. It was great, Mamma. I felt awfully proud of you."

Alma lingered till after five, talking to the mothers, admiring babies, serving tea. Martha followed her out to the vestibule when she left.

"What made you stay?" she asked.

"Oh, I wanted to," Alma tucked in a stray lock. "Is my hat on nicely, Mamma?" Oh, I wanted to stay, and besides one funny old woman said to me, 'Mees, we all left dudder you ha got', so I just had to stay for that.' She laughed, kissed Martha and started down the steps. "I'll be back about eight for sure," she called back. "Harry is leaving at nine."

MARTHA went home happy, to get dinner for Henry and Harry. Constantly during the preparations she thought of Alma at the Belmont with that Harry McCoy. Still, she was happy. "Alma must have pleasure," she mused. "All the pleasure she desires. She must be free."

At nine o'clock Martha became uneasy. Alma had not yet returned.

"She said she'd be back at eight," she told Henry.

"Don't you worry about Alma," Henry replied. "She knows pretty well how to take care of herself."

Martha picked up the evening paper and settled down to read, but her eyes saw pages of printing blurred together. How slowly the hands of the clock moved—how slow. Every little sound—possibly a step—possibly Alma. Every little sound—she started—

At ten, Henry went up to bed.

"Kinda tired, Martha," he said and patted her shoulder, "don't you worry about Alma. She's all right."

"Oh, I'm not worried," Martha forced a laugh, and lifted her face for his good-night kiss. "Oh, I am not worried. Did you get the animal crackers for Tots, Henry?"

"Sure—put 'em in the pantry." Martha listened to Henry's footsteps on the stairs, listened with a silent sob. Again she looked to the clock—ten-fifteen. The right hand went to her eyes.

"Don't let me doubt her, God!" she pleaded. "Don't let me doubt her—don't

let—me—Alma—Alma—"

Bruce came in and found her. "Sleep?" he jested. "Say, Mom, there's a bed upstairs."

More forced laughter on the part of Martha.

"Been over to Charley's?" she asked. "Sure." Then came that hungry glare Martha knew so well. "Anything in the ice-box, Mom?"

"To-morrow's chicken."

"Anything else?"

"Ice."

He grinned. "Gettin' funny, Mom. Say, what do I get? You might as well hand over something soon as later."

"You get—to bed—" Martha raised her eyes to the clock—ten-twenty-five. Bruce followed her gaze.

"It's a long time till breakfast, Mom! Come on—" He pulled lightly upon her arm. "Come on, now," she rose and followed him to the kitchen.

It was eleven when Martha went up to bed. The stairs—how—how high they were—how tired she was. She gripped the banister and ascended slowly. The railing—the next step—the pattern of the carpet—blurred together before her. A weakness overcame her. Almost she stumbled. She gripped the banister anew and went on—slowly, softly, surely. It would never do to wake Henry. He would see she was heart-sick.

She gained her room, shut herself in and sat down on the bed in the dark.

She wanted to go to Henry and tell him, plead with him to go out—some where—anywhere—to the Belmont, perhaps—and look for Alma. But Henry would laugh, assure her Alma was all right, tell her not to worry. Henry believed in Alma.

"Don't let me doubt her, God!" In the dark the right hand went up to her eyes.

Alma free—free. Always Alma had wanted to be free, always Martha had given her that wish. But this night—this night.

She would tell Henry—she must tell Henry. Alma had said she would be back at eight. And Buster—Buster she would phone him—ask him about Harry McCoy. He was Buster's friend! This Harry McCoy. Buster must know! Buster must have been sure about him—sure—sure—or never would he have let Alma go with him. Buster must be sure. The tension lessened. She thought of Buster—Buster for Alma—

A STEP on the stairs—light, buoyant.

Alma there in the hall—sat—in her room. Solts chided Martha. She went to the door and opened it—stillness in the hall—restful hush—and a crack of light beneath Alma's door. She wanted to go to Alma—and cry—cry—

Instead she closed the door and began to undress. Unseen forces held her back, unseen forces kept them apart. Alma, with youth and pleasure; Martha, with lonely, lost love.

She left the door ajar and crept into bed. But someone had stayed too long with her, sleep had passed her by. Wakeful, she heard Alma in the hall, saw her go slowly, limping—had, down the stairs. Martha sat up in bed waiting, listening. Was it a drink she wanted—something in the ice-box, a rushed article? Martha strained to hear. No sound—that all-pervading hush—long, slow-moving moments of silence.

It was too much. She got up, slipped into her dressing gown and went down the stairs to Alma.

Alma was in the living-room at the little desk and writing. The little desk lamp cast a subdued light upon the bowed head. The rest of the room was in darkness. Martha drew near, cautiously, almost afraid, as one who intruded. Alma looked up quickly, half frightened, dismayed.

"Why, Mamma!" she exclaimed, "Why aren't you asleep?"

"I couldn't go to sleep. What are you doing?"

"Just a letter, Mamma. I hadn't any

(Continued on page 34)



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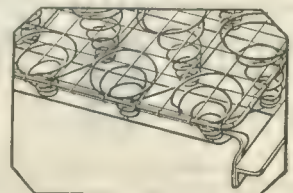
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NONE SO YOUNG

(Continued from page 33)

ink upstairs. Worried about me, Mamma?" Alma made little blotches of ink on the blotting paper with her poised pen. "You shouldn't really, Mamma."

"Yes," Martha admitted, "I was worried. You said eight, Alma—and that Harry McCoy—"

"He went away," Alma interrupted. "I went to Bertha's."

"Went to Bertha's? Oh, Alma, why didn't you 'phone?"

Alma looked into the face she loved and saw there the pain she had caused. She reached out impulsively and caught Martha's hands.

"Mamma, you didn't think—" Martha smiled her sudden relief into the shocked, uplifted face.

"No, I didn't think—it's all right," she patted the slim, smooth hands in her own. "It's all right, Alma. I was foolish to worry—even a little."

"Sit down, Mamma," Alma motioned to a chair. "I think I want to talk to you—tell you things. I want you to understand me, Mamma. I want you to know something in life is different—since you went away. Sit there, Mamma, and don't turn the light on. It is easier for me to talk to you in the dark. I want to say things, Mamma—real things."

Martha obeyed and waited. "It's hard telling things sometimes, Mamma," Alma smiled shyly down at her hands, "even to you. But I want you to understand. It was so funny when you were away, so funny washing out my little things, getting breakfast in the morning, doing what you always did. It made me see just how hard you had to work for us—and I felt sorry for you. You didn't seem to have anything I had—"

—Youth and pleasure. When I met you at the station—somehow, I couldn't laugh—it didn't seem right for you not to have those things. And I was sorry for you, and I think, maybe, I loved you more when you came back, only I couldn't show it."

Something stirred in the depths of Martha—but she was dumb—something of song-of joy. Perhaps it was lost Youth.

"But I was selfish," Alma went on, "horribly selfish, Mamma. I made up my mind, never—well, not for years—to give up my pleasures and my freedom. I wanted to keep them. It seemed as if movies and parties and visits were enough. But now—"

Martha waited immobile, voiceless. "Harry McCoy," she thought.

"But now," Alma resumed, "it is different. I am changed—all in a day, Mamma. It seems strange the way life can be changed for us—so sudden and so sure. It was at the meeting listening to you talk about courage to meet the common task, Mamma—"

Courage and the common task. One always felt courage was for the great things; but the common task—you said it. And that baby in my arms and the smile of its mother—she was so grateful, Mamma—so grateful—just because I held it. I was glad when Harry left—relieved, you know. I didn't want to come home, so I went to Bertha's."

"I've nothing to do," I told her—"you and Ed go out for a while to the movies—anywhere—I'll stay with the babies."

"They were so happy to go, Mamma, so happy to go—it made me ashamed—I should have done that before. And when they left—" A long silence. "And when they left, Mamma, why, it seemed all at once—that their little home was my own—my little home and the babies. It was—something like a beautiful, stained-glass window. Outside on the street we can't see—we don't know how beautiful it is—but inside with the sun streaming through—we get the beauty of the colors. It is a work of art, not just a window. And I saw home like that—not from the streets—but inside. And I was happier just sitting alone, happier than at dances. Then the baby cried—I went upstairs—took him from his crib and rocked him. Oh, Mamma, his little body in my arms—warm and cuddly and needful. Did our little bodies seem like that in your arms—warm—needful?"

Martha nodded and raised a hand to her wet cheek.

"I loved the baby more than I ever loved him before. And I knew—oh, wistfully and sure—that Youth isn't everything—and Pleasure isn't everything—the voice was low—"But Love is, Mamma—Love is."

Again Martha nodded.

Alma turned to the desk.

"I am writing Buster now," her fingers went out to the pen. "I hurt him, Mamma—oh, I know I hurt him—the way he hesitated at the dance—about the dinner to-night—and his face—I tried to look past his face, but I couldn't—I saw how hurt it was. He would hurt me, so he is too fine for that. He is—he is—oh, so splendid, isn't he, Mamma?"

"Yes," Martha said, "yes, Alma."

"It seemed to-night, alone there with the baby—that I was listening for a step on the stairs, Mamma—a step on the stairs—you know—his step. And I knew then how hurt he was—and how much he cares. He told me that! And I knew there, alone in the little house that seemed mine, that I cared too; but I had never been on the right side of life's window—I'd been on the shallow side—I'd never seen Love shining through—like a great sun—shining through the colour, Mamma. I was—well—asleep, but suddenly, I seemed to wake up. I knew—Love is most."

"Love is most," Martha echoed. "Yes, Alma."

"So I am writing to tell him I am sorry—I can't have him hurt, and some day—well, maybe—you know—Mamma."

"I love Buster, too, dear," Martha said, smiling.

"Oh! I am so glad—so glad," Alma cried softly. "He is—so dear— isn't he, Mamma?"

IT HAD come—Alma would one day go away—leave them—be no longer hers. But strange—Martha felt she had not lost Alma, but found her—found her—found her! For all time they were bound and welded and held together. They both knew Love.

Martha watched Alma bending above the table. Memory moved her.

"None sold," she murmured in retrospection, "none so old—for Love." Then with a wistful smile at Alma, "None so young, either."

BEFORE YOU BUILD

(Continued from page 30)

country are also sure to find the vagaries of the weather infinitely more disconcerting than they ever did in town; and they are equally certain to miss—for a time at least—conveniences and the social activities to which they have long been accustomed. The safest, therefore, to move very deliberately in choosing a home-site radically different from the one now owned and occupied.

If at all possible, a site boasting of some old shade should be sought for. Although any barren waste of land can be transformed eventually into marvelous attractiveness by well-considered planting, it is not the better plan to secure at the outset a plot of ground sufficiently endowed with trees to assure a leafy setting for the house-to-be? Nothing can quite take the place of foliage as a means of softening the inevitable rawness of a new house; and nothing can eclipse abundant trees and shrubbery as a source

of picturesqueness, dignity and stability.

Water, too, is an artistic asset. Whether it be in the form of a tiny brook, a peat pool, a widespread lake or a tun bling ability to the charm of a building-site and its presence opens up a host of alluring prospects, recreational as well as decorative.

When all is said and done, it is evident that site-hunting is not altogether a sinecure; for, underlying the final selection, lies a veritable network of considerations, each one of which is too important in its effect, its possible effect, to be neglected. There is, however, a reward if the task of site-hunting be tackled with keen perception; and that reward lies in the acquisition of a site—possibly only after a long, long search—which promises a home of health-giving and happy living conditions.



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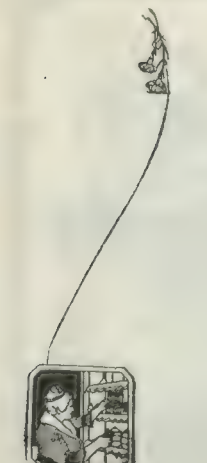
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Meringue—3 egg whites, 1/2 cup powdered sugar, 1/2 teaspoon lemon extract. Beat eggs until stiff, add sugar slowly, beating all the time. Flavor.

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with the natural oil of the pores, and so to bring out all foreign matter easily and without irritation to the tissues.

The beautiful skin must be soft, with plastic muscles and good blood-circulation beneath. A dry, tight skin cannot have the coveted peachblow appearance; set muscles make furrows; poor circulation causes paleness and sallowness.

Pompeian Night Cream provides the necessary skin-softening medium to skins that lack the normal degree of oil saturation. Gentle massaging with it flexes the facial muscles, stimulates the blood circulation and tones up all the facial tissues.

Upon retiring, first use Pompeian Night Cream as a cleanser; apply with the fingers and then wipe off with a soft cloth, freeing the pores of all the day's accumulated dust and dirt. Afterward apply the cream to nourish the skin, leaving it on over night.

The faithful following of this simple treatment works wonders in the skin—removing roughness, redness, and blackheads, and warding off wrinkles, flabbiness and sallowness. It is the most approved treatment for restoring and retaining a youthful complexion.

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Pompeian Night Cream

Cleansing and Skin-Nourishing

The Art of Powdering

By MME. JEANNETTE

As a rule, women give too little thought to the way they use powder. Perhaps one reason is that for so many years, powder has been a necessary part of the toilette among practically all classes of women. Long before the present wide use of rouge and lip stick, it had become almost a mechanical habit to "dab" a little powder on the face. This is why we often see such odd effects; at times, purplish or dead-white noses, or a broad band of white crossing the chin and half way up the cheeks. Pure carelessness can be the only reason for this grotesque mockery of nature's loveliest gift—a beautiful complexion.

Powdering correctly is so simple if you will just use a little thought. Be sure to select a shade of face powder that will tone in with your own coloring. Many a lovely face has been very nearly spoiled by flesh-colored powder on an olive skin, or the rachel shade used by a delicately tinted blonde.

—:—

Powder should be placed first upon the portions of the face that are normally whitest—brow, chin and nose—then a delicate coating brushed over the whole face. And above all be sure that you do powder your face all over. It is impossible to emphasize this too strongly. A woman is too apt to forget that, when her face is freshly washed, the skin on her temples and under her chin is the same color; and never by any possible chance does nature make the mistake of having the one several shades lighter or of a different texture than the other. So be sure that these often-neglected outside edges are given the same attention that you give to nose and chin. Nature always blends, and it is by powdering correctly that you can best get this desired effect.

—:—

It is always wise to cover the face with a delicate coating of Pompeian Day Cream before powdering. This is a vanishing cream and should be spread on very softly with the tips of the fingers. The powder will go on much more smoothly and will remain far longer with this cream as a foundation.

—:—

When you have that uncomfortable feeling that you need more powder, and there is perhaps no mirror near, always pass your handkerchief over your nose first. The pores of the nose are so constituted that there is usually more moisture there than on any other part of the face. This means that powder becomes damp and may cake, so it is wiser to remove what may be left of the first layer before using more.

—:—

Pompeian Beauty Powder is absolutely pure, and harmless to any skin. It is smooth, fine in texture, will not flake, and stays on unusually long.

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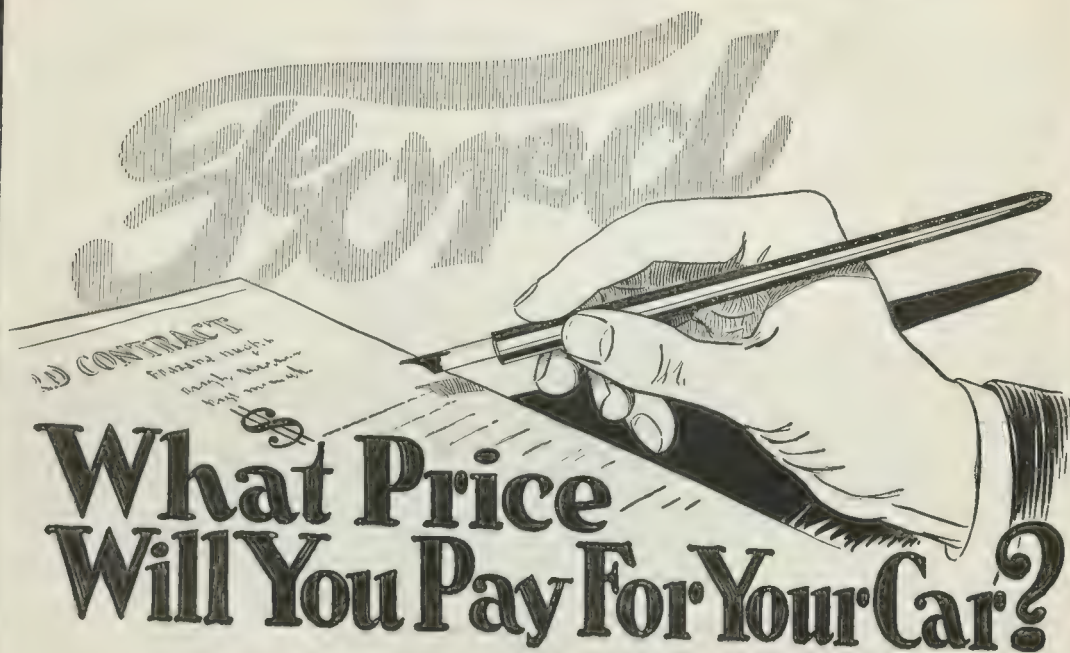
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WITHOUT THE LAW

(Continued from page 5)

go near the Settlement again, until the campaign was over, at least. I left the house and went back to the Mulanny home, with the last charge thrown at him that his ambitions, and the mayoralty meant more to him than I did, or the needs of the people from whom I had sprung. It was while I was there, Mr. Courtenay, that some evil impulse made me write to Jim, and tell him of my trouble.

"Yesterday, Mr. Courtenay, this letter came from Jim."

Daniel P. read it, gravely. "You did right to tell me," it said. "I wouldn't have used it against him without you had wrote me this way, but I guess its coming to him. I've sent the proof of the 'Garbut' affair to Jerry McGinnis: he'll put it across right enough. Don't you worry, sis. He'll get his..." There was more along the same line. The cherub handed it back to Mrs. Price. "Have you any knowledge?" he asked "of this proof to which he refers?"

Gwenyth Price said in a low voice: "Yes, Mr. Courtenay. After the letter came I was frightened—terribly. I realized that I had betrayed my husband. In a panic of desire to save the situation I went direct to Jerry's office. He was very courteous and smooth. He said he had heard from Jim, and had the picture... some print from a negative, Mr. Courtenay. I could not ascertain its nature, except that Jerry assured me it would come out in the 'Clarion' to-morrow—election day morning—and queer Darrel's chances. I pleaded with him, then, Mr. Courtenay, but he said, after a time, that he had given it to a newspaperman already, and could do nothing. I left, as you may imagine, much distressed. This morning early he 'phoned me—Jerry McGinnis did. He has been working to help me, he said, and the newspaperman was willing to meet me to-night and talk things over. Jerry was sure we could stave things off if I made my plea direct. He would arrange matters, and call for me with a car at any place I might wish to-night. I asked him where we would dine. He said that must remain a secret, in fairness to his friend, who feared some trick on the part of Darrel. I told him I would let him know, Mr. Courtenay. It was just after that I 'phoned you, because I did not know to whom else I could go. I dare not confess to Darrel: he has said things that show me where he stands and how much of forgiveness—and love—I may expect!"

DANIEL P. Courtenay tilted back his chair again, put his head on one side, his finger-tips together. After a time he consulted his watch. Then he said: "—Ahem—have to go out for half-an-hour, Mrs. Price. This office will be undisturbed. There is a sofa there which you will find not uncomfortable. You are going to lie down, and forget all this; and presently I am going to take you to lunch, where there is music and the cooking is good. There are eight hours of daylight yet!"

Daniel P. Courtenay stepped out of his private office, into the railed-off enclosure that separated the place apportioned for visitors from the meagre general office, with its one stenographer and its diminutive junior clerk.

"Miss Caltheorpe," chirped Daniel P. "If anyone asks for me I shall be out for half-an-hour. Mrs. Price meanwhile is to await me here, and not to be disturbed."

"Yes, Mr. Courtenay! And there is someone there to see you: he wouldn't give his name or state his business."

The lawyer turned briskly to an inconspicuous figure seated on the long bench that had held such a variety of characters in its period of service.

"Well, sir?"

"Mr. Courtenay, could I have five minutes of your time? I have a proposition here—"

"Stocks, bonds, books or philanthropy?"

"Well, Mr. Courtenay, with a year's subscription to our magazine we give—" "Sorry, friend—I hope the next prospect is a more cashable one than this. Good-day!" He smiled, nodded, and went his way. Daniel P. held to the theory that it cost nothing to dismiss a canvasser with an inward glow of friendliness when one could not give an order.

As it happened, they took the same elevator to the ground floor. The lawyer left the man in the lobby, apparently consulting a book of "prospects." Part way along the street Daniel P. met an acquaintance: stopped to exchange greetings. His eye, happening to turn during this manoeuvre, beheld the canvasser come from the building, clamber up and down the street, and slip into a runabout at the curb.

"Since when did canvassers take to flippers?" asked Daniel P., in self-communion.

His appointment kept him just over the half hour. With an inbred habit of punctuality, he hurried his steps back to the office.

"Any messages, Miss Caltheorpe?" he asked the prim stenographer.

"No, Mr. Courtenay—except that Mrs. Price left word for you."

"Left word?"

"She went off fifteen minutes ago, Mr. Courtenay. Someone 'phoned for her, and she came out and said to tell you someone was sick—Mul—Mul—"

"Mulanny?" suggested Courtenay.

"That's it, Mr. Courtenay!" Mrs. Mulanny, and she must go at once. That perhaps you would send a message to her there, or she would ring you later. There's the address on that slip!"

"Humph!" snapped the lawyer. "Who was it 'phoned—man or woman?"

Miss Caltheorpe raised her eyebrows at the junior.

"A man, sir," said that youth readily.

"An' he 'phoned from a pay station!"

"Good lad!" approved Daniel P., and entered his office. He sat for a while in thought. Then he telephoned the Price home. Mrs. Price, he was told, was at the Committee Room No. 1. Mr. Price rang Committee Room No. 1. Mr. Price was out at lunch, and had several appointments, but would return about three. After that he would be too busy to make any further appointments. Who was speaking—Mr. Curtain?—Sorry, Mr. Curtain, but Mr. Price had distinctly given orders—

"It's all right," said the cherub, with gentle firmness. "I don't want an appointment. I just want to see him. I'll drop around about three!"

FROM the smoke-laden atmosphere of his father's campaign headquarters, Jerry McGinnis made his way to the outer air in a moment when the elder McGinnis was preoccupied. In this his filial sense of duty suffered eclipse; his orders being that, as his father's lieutenant, he must be at his elbow now unless any definite orders took him elsewhere.

He found ready excuse for his defection. The unattainable had always lured Jerry: the infatuation that had long been with him—dating from the days when his political slum work brought him in contact with the convexing but different tact with the convexing but different activities of Gwenyth Bender, and so with her own rather magnetic personality—after her marriage—became intensified. The unattainable again! And now the Mulanny affair of that recent night, when his sympathies were subordinated to his admiration; when—of maddening intimacy, brought a sense of him it would have had set him aflame! Alone it would have had power to draw him from the path of filial duty; added to it was the knowledge that both paths might lead to this goal. To have her go with him alone, to meet the newspaperman—a purely licentious creature—this was the first move. Jerry had the print himself and with it, tucked

(Continued on page 38)

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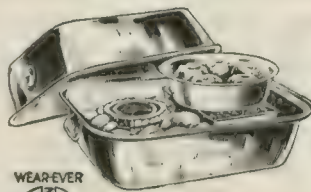
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WITHOUT THE LAW

(Continued from page 37)

away in his pocket, a line-cut ready for use in to-morrow's paper. That would have greater effect than just the picture.

The second move? To take advantage of her helplessness; her helplessness; her estrangement from her husband. There were such things as easy divorces in this interesting modern world! If he played his cards carefully there might be at last some reciprocation; Jerry was not unconscious of his charms, not inexperienced. He might even forget his duty to his father's cause. . . if things went right!

Failing that? Why then—Jerry's heavy-jowled face flushed passionately at the thought—why then, he would play a pretty tune upon her emotions; make her pay in advance, as far as such payment could be exacted, for the line-cut she should never have; then mock her with the helplessness of it all! That was the plan which passion, and a long-nourished jealousy that another should have been given her love, dictated.

And now his man Canning had telephoned to say that he had traced the girl to Courtney's office, and there, in the guise of a magazine and book canvasser, one of which he often made good use—he had discovered that that Courtney had gone out. Jerry, much concerned had bade him lure the girl away at all costs—get her somewhere that he could talk to her straight—represent himself as a neighbor, "phoning for Mrs. Mulanny, who would be conveniently sick and require her instantly. . . He must frighten her, if need be, away from this shrewd, queer old fellow, Courtney.

He had not spoken of the Garbut picture to anyone.

That was his bait; if she was obdurate, a morning call would make a rookback that would count. The "Clarion" would headline it; McGinnis owned the paper body and soul.

Otherwise . . . The contemplation of it all drew him like a magnet. And now word had come that the race had worked; the girl was on her way to Mulanny's. Jerry felt safer seeing her there than in more central and disturbed surroundings.

A henchman, entering as he slipped out, eyed him strangely, hailed him:

"What's up, Jerry?"

"Nothing," retorted the young man, roughly. "What do you mean?"

The other laughed.

"Well, you look like a man who's been drinking, or is famished for one. Thought you might find one for me!"

Jerry showed a firm set of teeth in an odd smile, and went on. The fire remained in his eyes.

PRECISELY at three, Lawyer Courtney sought his man at Committee Room No. 1. The place was chaotic, with the election less than twenty-four hours away. Benchmen crowded the place, adding to the confusion of noise and the thickness of atmosphere. Mr. Price was in, but he was busy over details of to-night's final great meeting, and could see no one. It was no use giving his name or his card just now. If he cared to wait. . .

Daniel P. smiled disarmingly, but his eye was on the young man who had just come from the private room with some papers, and was likely to return. . . He moved towards him, and when the secretary re-entered he went not alone. The room was smoke-filled; some half-dozen men sat about a table.

"Just a minute," growled the candidate, when the surprised aide turned upon the intruder. "Who's this? Mr. Mr. . ."

"Courtney," said Daniel P., blandly. Darrel Price winced a little; he said: "Just sit down a moment, and I'll see you." And, presently, taking the intruder aside into a smaller room that led off the inner committee room: "I was busy enough to—almost forget personal

troubles, Mr. Courtney! I'm glad you've come!"

"He can save time, Mr. Price, by both coming frankly to the point. The final rock on which your domestic happiness seems like to suffer shipwreck is the Garbut affair. I know it only by name—may I suggest that it is in your interests to give me the inside details of it?"

Darrel Price shot a quick look at the lawyer.

"The Garbut affair?" He laughed shortly. "I'm damned!" he said.

"You may be politically," said the cherub drily, "if you don't care to tell me!"

"Supposing I refuse?"

"I don't think you will refuse," said the cherub quickly. He added, after a moment: "I'm thinking of your—confession of this morning. You do care, don't you? Your wife doesn't think so, Mr. Price. I wish she might believe as I do!"

The candidate sat on the edge of a paper-littered desk, and regarded the visitor intently. Daniel P.'s mid blue eyes met the gaze frankly. Price nodded, as if in decision, and resumed his cigar.

There's nothing much to it, Mr. Courtney," he said at last. "Past history, too. Prior to my marriage, my wife's brother, Jim Bender, became involved in a low gambling dive that was not only against the law but crooked right through it. I did not trouble Gwennyth with all the details; she was worried enough already at that time."

He was in with a bad crowd from the start—including the ring-leader, Jerry McGinnis. I knew that 'Garbut'—that was the name it went by—was protected from higher up, but I knew, too, that with what I had discovered about it, I could force the matter. I warned Bender straight that if he didn't quit I'd have the place run out of business; otherwise it was no business of mine more than it was to get after a dozen other such joints. He blustered a bit, and evaded, but in the end promised a vague reformation. Some nights later a message had reached me—through Daniel Mulanny—that Jim was in trouble at the gambling joint. For Gwennyth's sake I went down to 'Garbut's'."

The place was quite wide-open, the man at the door recognized me, apparently, and let me in. Jim met me, the picture of despair. He had been gambling heavily, on a shoes-tring, and had lost, until his cash was followed into the pockets of Garbut himself, by a flock of I.O.U.'s. I had expected that, and went helped for him. He promised to swear off if I'd help him out. Garbut was threatening to turn him over to the police—a queer twist that I understood, because I had an insight into the hand-and-glove methods involved. Garbut stood by rather Gwennyth. I thought of my promise to Courtney, and that decided me.

"Come inside," said Garbut, and led me into a private room kept for very high play at roulette—a fancy equipment that was famous, furnishing the room. Garbut began to count out his I.O.U.'s and I my money to cover, when a flash lit up the room! I knew at once that I had been trapped! They had my picture in the act of obviously paying up Garbut's back was to the famous room. I met mine, of course. 'You've got the idea,' said Garbut, coldly, watching my face. 'Here, take back your dirty money, I don't want it! All I want is—hand's off—see!—or else that picture goes plump on the first page of the 'Clarion'!"

I have witnesses to prove that you were young! And had hard to explain!"

"They had me, of course. And I haven't told Gwennyth. She still has illusions about Jim. My friends would have seen through the frame-up, but my enemies would have played it for a knock-out. And I have plenty of enemies, Mr.

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Courtenay—most men in public life have!

"As often happens the crooks [fell out. Some division of the spoils, I believe, which angered young McGinnis. He put the screws on them, and it ended by their having to make a getaway. Jim was threatened with the penitentiary; Garbut had already made tracks elsewhere. I had to step in again, at Gwendyth's instance—though she did not know the real story—and managed to get Jim away. It cost money, but I won her gratitude, and got the negative and prints back from Jim. Garbut, having no further need of them, left them with him. Since then Jim has been in a job I got him at Westhill. I told him no hold it, or I'd make it hot for him! That's the whole story, Mr. Courtenay!"

"Hum!" said Daniel P. "Had you any assurance that all the prints were returned?"

"Only his word. But then, you see, I've something on him to keep him quiet, now that he's beyond the McGinnis protection, too. I've never had a line from him since, nor a word, except indirect news through Gwendyth. He seems to have settled down as a decent citizen!"

"Just the same, Mr. Price, he has tried to poison your wife's Mulany against you with vague references to the Garbut affair!"

"Humph! Well, the young scoundrel never liked me—I guess I told him things about himself that were nasty doses to swallow!"

"Mr. Price," said Courtenay, gravely, "I only wish you had exercised towards your wife the same frankness you have towards her lawyer!"

DARREL PRICE roamed the room uneasily, biting an unlit cigar. He swung on the lawyer then.

"A campaign like this is hard on the nerves, Mr. Courtenay. I let myself go—partly through nerves—partly because I care so much for her and am jealous of her reputation more than my own. It angered me that she should spend all night with this Mulany woman, and then come home with this young devil, McGinnis!"

"You forget, Mr. Price, that your wife's sympathies are doubly drawn to the unfortunate woman—and that long before you!"

"Eh?" The candidate turned sharply. Courtenay continued, imperturbably: "And that she has a rather trusting disposition in spite of her being thrown so early on the world. Our standards of judgment, Mr. Price, are apt to be a reflection of ourselves. But to come to the point: you were hasty; you overlooked the fact that all your recent actions have led her to feel that you were regarding her as a child, given playthings and left, rather than a wife to be treated as a partner. The mistake is not all, but very much yours. You have given her reason to think that you do not really care—not as she thinks of caring, with whole-souled devotion that finds all else as dross. Mr. Price, do you care enough to sacrifice your chances of election to-morrow for her?"

The cherub sat back in his chair, head tilted, finger-tips tapping, quietly awaiting his answer. The candidate chewed his cigar viciously.

He said at last: "There is my duty as a citizen, Mr. Courtenay—to those who support me, there is this programme of clean cities to which I am pledged!"

Daniel P. smiled. Then he rose.

"Mr. Price," he said, "I have spoken to you very frankly, and to you me. Life would be easier if we exercised more of this frankness. Let me go the other way of the window at the flapping banner, under which the traffic flowed, bidding the citizens 'Vote For Price—and Reform.'"

"Mr. Price," he went on, "to-night I understand you are to address a great west-end meeting. On it hangs much of your hope!"

The candidate nodded.

"You will pledge yourself to-night to

stand by the interests of the west-end, where your vote must largely come from. You will disabuse their minds of any so-called radical views which your reform has brought into being! You will tickle the sacred rights of this and that! You will have on your platform a man who owns the rottenest tenement district in the city! He will applaud your safe and sane reform talk—the whole! civies—and smile up his sleeve the while! I wonder, Mr. Price, how much of that excuse of your 'duty as a citizen' would better be put in the words 'duty as an individual to Mr. Price's interests!' I may be a little unfair, Mr. Price—I simply leave the question with you! Good-afternoon! Will you be here for a while? I may phone you later!"

The cherub let himself out, gave smiling response to the dark looks of the impatient secretary, disregarded the envious glances of a long waiting-list, and so reached the street. He chartered a taxi-cab that the humble abode of Daniel Mulany's widow. He was not surprised to learn that her health gave no more concern than usual; that she had sent no urgent call to Mrs. Price, but that the latter had been here and had a lengthy interview, conducted that she had looked distressed after he had gone, but had passed it off lightly; that she had left shortly after.

He headed, then, for his club, and spent a considerable time in a private telephone-booth. His calls included one of some length with the companion of many years of matrimonial bliss, but his half promise of phoning Price was not then redeemed. He left that for a later hour as developments might come to pass.

JERRY MCGINNIS felt that he had fallen on prosperous times. His scapegrace ways, while tolerated by his father—perhaps with some sense of justice based on a debt of inheritance—had not strengthened bonds between them in a time when the elder eschewed deeds that might bring censure upon him, preferring to pull the strings that would make his puppets do the devil's dance. Jerry was, in a way, a reproach to a public and paternal dignity! To-night he would play his game; unless he won the highest stake, to-morrow in his father's approval. If he won, it would be worth sacrificing everything to it.

Now, with the coming of evening, all was as it should be. He had driven direct to the Mulany place, and found Can-ning's ruse had worked. Gwendyth had already arrived. There he had the best chance in the world for a further persuasive argument with her. And, driven to desperation, she was willing to trust him. He felt he had played his cards with finesse; covering the underlying threats with a veneer of sympathy to interest that none knew better how to apply. Most potent threat of all, he had declared that any further communication with Courtenay or his office would "quer" all chance of his—Jerry's—aid. Gwendyth, frightened, had promised.

He hurried on his way now to the growing dusk. She had agreed to meet him at the side door of the Biltor hotel at seven, and he was to take her to dinner with the newspaperman—fictitious being—whose good offices must be secured, whose sympathy evoked in the matter of the return of the offensive cut.

A commissioner helped Gwendyth into the car beside him.

"Where to, sir?"

"The Chateau Grasset," said Jerry, happily. "It's all right. My man knows!"

The exquisite pain of having her beside him, yet knowing her to belong to another, fed could hardly give a name. He himself could hardly give in the suburbs —a well-known roadhouse. The car sped along the lighted boulevard. Once with Darrel, since their marriage, Gwendyth had motored this way; at a sudden turn, she said, quickly: (Continued on page 40)

"I will never consent to Gray Hair"



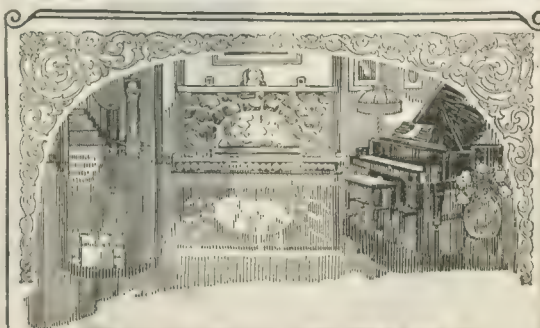
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POOLS of light and shade, the ruddy glow of a grate fire dancing shadows, reflections from paintings and wall covering and the soft tones of wine-colored furniture—are all mirrored in the amber-like, gleaming, natural surface of

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Greater Personal Comfort—that's what a Seaman-Kent floor will mean in your home! Beauty, durability, less household work, a saving on expensive floor coverings—added value to your house.

And the cost is so moderate—you can lay a Seaman-Kent hardwood floor yourself. Each strip—grooved on the underside to allow for expansion and contraction—is expertly milled and matched to fit perfectly. Inquire of your nearest dealer, or measure your rooms and write direct to us for an estimate, to-day.

A Dealer in every city and town in Canada.

Manufactured by

The SEAMAN-KENT COMPANY Limited

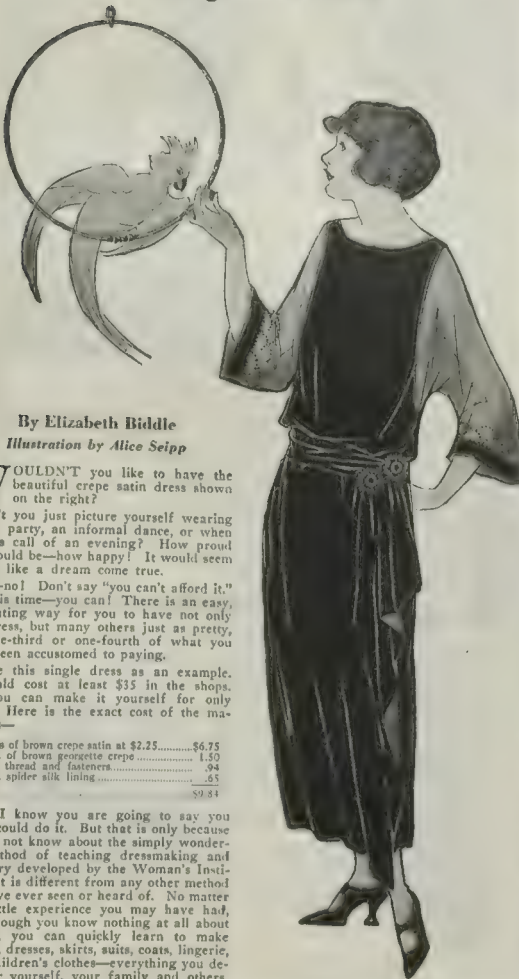
Largest Producers of Hardwood Flooring in the British Empire

WALLACE AVE., TORONTO

Factories: Meaford, West Lorne, Ste. Agathe, Midland. Warehouses: Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg, Edmonton.



You can make this \$35 dress for only \$9.84



By Elizabeth Biddle
Illustration by Alice Seipp

WOULDN'T you like to have the beautiful crepe satin dress shown on the right?

Can't you just picture yourself wearing it to a party, an informal dance, or when visitors call of an evening? How proud you would be—how happy! It would seem almost like a dream come true.

No—no! Don't say "you can't afford it." For this time—you can! There is an easy, fascinating way for you to have not only this dress, but many others just as pretty, for one-third or one-fourth of what you have been accustomed to paying.

Take this single dress as an example. It would cost at least \$35 in the shops. Yet you can make it yourself for only \$9.84. Here is the exact cost of the materials:—

3 yards of brown crepe satin at \$2.25.....	\$6.75
1 yard of brown georgette crepe.....	1.50
Beads, thread and fasteners.....	.94
1 yard spider silk lining.....	.65
Total.....	\$9.84

Oh, I know you are going to say you never could do it. But that is only because you do not know about the simply wonderful method of teaching dressmaking and millinery developed by the Woman's Institute. It is different from any other method you have ever seen or heard of. No matter how little experience you may have had, even though you know nothing at all about sewing, you can quickly learn to make blouses, dresses, skirts, suits, coats, lingerie, hats, children's clothes—everything you desire for yourself, your family and others.

Not only that, but in a few short months you can acquire so thorough a knowledge of dressmaking and millinery that if you have ever dreamed of taking up either of these dignified, well-paying professions as a business, or of having a cozy little exclusive shop of your own, the way will be easy. Many students of the Woman's Institute earn \$20, \$25, \$30, and even \$40 a week!

And the delightful part of it all is that you do not have to sacrifice a minute from your household or social duties or give up your present occupation in order to learn. By the Woman's Institute method, you learn right in the comfort and quiet of your own home and you apply your newly acquired skill immediately to your everyday sewing needs.

It certainly is a wonderful new and easy method and you ought to know about it. Best of all, there is not the slightest doubt about your ability to learn. More than 150,000 women and girls in city, town and country, in all circumstances and of all ages, have proved by the garments they have made and the dollars they have saved the success of the Institute's methods.

Send for Handsome 64-page Booklet "Dressmaking Made Easy"

It tells all about the Woman's Institute. It describes the courses, and explains how you, too, can learn easily and quickly, in spare time at home, to make your own clothes and hats, and dress better at less cost, or prepare for success in the dressmaking or millinery profession.

Use the coupon below or write a letter or post card to the Woman's Institute, Dept. 6-L, Scranton, Penna. A copy of this handsome booklet will come to you, absolutely free, by return mail.

— TEAR OUT HERE —
WOMAN'S INSTITUTE
Dept. 6-L, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me one of your booklets and tell me how I can learn the subject which I have marked below:

- ☐ Home Dressmaking ☐ Millinery
☐ Professional Dressmaking ☐ Cooking

Name _____
(Please specify whether Mrs., or Miss)

Address _____



WITHOUT THE LAW

(Continued from page 39)

"Isn't he going the wrong way? The Chateau is straight ahead!"

"Dear Miss Simplicity!" he laughed. "You forget to-morrow is election day, and I am naturally suspicious by nature. Even with your promise I must ask—'How if our friend the Commissionaire should happen to be commissioned to tip off your husband's agents, and they should follow and disturb our little party?' No—there is a little place I know where we will be undisturbed—but it lies the other way!"

Gwenneth Price leaned back in the corner, as though his very presence were a contamination. He realized that he had been a little previous in playing his hand so strongly, but a singular exultation dominated him—an anticipatory sense of triumph and power.

Lights gleamed in the blackness of a rather lonely countryside.

"Here we are," said Jerry McGinnis.

He helped her out. She went mechanically, hardly noticing that the headwater, who showed them to a private room, seemed not only cringing obsequious but had something of the air of a frightened rabbit.

"Will you step in here, please, a moment?" The man held aside a drapery that covered the entrance to a small apartment with a brass sign proclaimed to be the "Ladies' Reception Room."

"Isn't our room and the meal ready, Gaspard?" asked Jerry, frowning. "I phoned long enough in advance!" Nevertheless, she stepped within, taking Gwenneth's arm in a possessive way. He started to make further protest at a delay little to his liking, but stopped short.

THE room was not brightly lighted, but its dim illumination was aided by a flickering fire in the hearth. Two figures sat, facing the fire, very closely, very comfortably. At first, in the half light, one might take them for two old men, white haired; but closer inspection revealed them as two cherubic persons of opposite sexes!

"I found it!" whispered Jerry in the girl's ear, and not yet understanding. "Let's get out of here. We're interrupting a family fireside!"

But Gwenneth Price disengaged herself from his grasp, and ran forward, with a little cry of "Mr. Courtenay!"

The cherub rose and greeted her with courtly grace; and, turning, acknowledged Jerry's presence.

"My wife," said Lawyer Courtenay, smiling happily. "Mrs. Price, and Mr. McGinnis, Jr. You don't mind, do you, if we join you at dinner? In fact we've gone to some pains to get here!" He raised his voice. "Gaspard!"

The headwater appeared.

"You may conduct us to the table, now. I am sure we shall enjoy whatever you have for us! May I offer you my arm, Mrs. Price? Perhaps Mr. McGinnis will escort my wife?"

Jerry, stupefied, did so, but with very bad grace. At the entrance to the private dining-room, however, he slipped back, and vent his wrath on Gaspard; to demand explanations.

"But, m'sieu!" stammered the man.

"How should I know? Someone this afternoon telephoned to say, 'You have not forgotten the arrangements for Mr. McGinnis for to-night?' I think, m'sieu, that it is your order, and reply: 'Assuredly, all is ready!' How should I know?"

And then, besides— Jerry interrupted, cursing. He said, presently, in self-communion: "You've placed me knows I have my hand on, in spite of all his chagrin some element of humor came to him. Well, there was nothing for it but to see it through now, the 'Clarion' would give him part re-venge at least."

And then, with a fuller realization of

his shattered plans, his amorous intrigue, came snarling wrath. Why did not Gaspard warn him even when they entered; why bow so submissively to old Courtenay? He turned, cursing the little Frenchman, but another figure stood in the place of the headwater—

"Easy, son!" said the elder McGinnis. "Just a minute before we go any further with this little comedy! You dirty, low-down skunk! You blackguard, you! So this is what I gave to the world in the guise of a man! I've stood for a lot from you, but when it comes to playing tricks with an innocent, trustful young woman, I'm through! Did you really intend to give her that picture? Oh, I know about it—Courtenay sized it all up pretty well, and came direct to me, like a man! He knew I'd not stand for that. We determined to give you enough rope—but not too much! Tell me, son, and tell me straight—which did you mean to do: fool this girl or betray your father's interests by giving up the cut—eh? Answer me that, sir!"

Eyes met eyes; the son's shifted before the old man's steely glance. McGinnis, Sr., turned away.

"Go!" said the elder McGinnis, at last. "Get out of my sight! I could forgive you for betraying me—but this girl—No, stay—give me that picture first and the cut! Is that the lot now?"

"Yes, sir!" Jerry's eyes were sullen.

"Now get out—quick!" The elder McGinnis, the fateful "Campaign ammunition" in his shaking hand, watched his son go; listened to his final footfalls; heard the honking of the motor as it pulled from the curb. Then his heavy head shook once, he sighed, and, straightening himself, he went within the room to join the cherub and his party.

DANIEL P. had somehow kept the conversation in channels that savored of ordinary dinner-table talk. He induced Gwenneth to try the rich cream-of-celery soup set before her. They would not wait, he said, for the others. But his eye roved from time to time to the doorway, in which, presently, the tiny figure of the elder McGinnis was framed. The little lawyer rose, said courteously:

"You will join us now, Mr. McGinnis!"

"Thank you, Mr. Courtenay, but I fear I must decline that pleasure. To-morrow, you see—" he smiled a little—"is the day of days. And I may be just in time for the end of the meeting I deserted to come here. Our friend Price will by this time be banding our cajoleries to his west-enders; I fear my last words of admonition must go largely by default!"

The cherub's eyes twinkled.

"Mr. Courtenay," he said, "when you proved willing to sacrifice this much to save a nasty situation for your rival's wife, I felt it was only fair you both should share alike. I phoned Mr. Price that his wife had fallen into a nasty trap, and that he was advised to get to this place as quickly as he could. That was just over an hour ago. He was just about to go to his meeting. I thought it only fair to you, Mr. McGinnis!"

The politician shrugged his shoulders.

"It seems," he said, drily, "that I have come, and he hasn't! I beg your pardon, Mrs. Price. He did mean to join us. Let me go before my hairy tongue betrays a campaign spirit again! But, first, will you accept from the father, a slight atonement for the faults of the son?"

He smiled at her, that famous smile that won him more votes than honeyed words could do.

"These are the only proofs, I believe, Mrs. Price. May I suggest that you destroy them?"

He was gone before she could even thank him.

THEY sat, after that, in comparative silence, eating but little. Gwenneth could hardly touch a thing, for all that the cuisine was excellent.



She said, at last, rather dully: "Did—did he say he would come?"
"He will come," declared the cherub; to himself, he added: "But I gave him a hard test!"

The time slipped by. Little puckers began to affect the lawyer's brow. What if Price failed him? Then came the sound of a motor, preceding an arrival, and presently the figure of Darrel Price in the doorway.

"We had a bit of a smash-up," he said. "We had a bit of a smash-up a mile or two down the road! I started to walk, but a car picked me up and brought me back. It was McGinnis' car! McGinnis was in it!" He swayed a little, and his speech was touched with incoherence. He stared about him, said in sudden anger: "What trick's this, Courtenay? So you're in it with the McGinnis crowd after all? Huh!—a pretty trick—to lure me away from the final meeting! I didn't even wait to explain—besides, I couldn't tell them that my wife..." He stopped, turned to the girl, said falteringly: "So you're working with his crowd against me, too?" He turned away, with a world of bitterness in his face—a bitterness that brought her to her feet.

Gwynneth ran to him; cried out: "Darrel, Darrel, dear!"
He saw, perhaps, that her face was tear-stained, for he took her in his arms, until her breath was almost gone, though she managed to say: "Let me explain, Darrel!"

He shook his head at that.
"No explanations, little lady! Not now! I can forgive—anything—if you care a little for me still!"

"Oh, Darrel!"
"Gasy, dearest! I—think—perhaps my arm is smashed a bit! I was driving myself—and we skidded at the turn!"
Mrs. Courtenay said, quickly, to the cherub: "Daniel, dear, you must see to him!"

"In a moment," said the cherub, calmly.
"A broken arm is not excuse enough for me to intrude just yet!"

THE cherub did not go out of the house on election night. He left the excitement and the turmoil of the returns to younger blood; there had been a day when he was in the thick of it.

The evening papers had a recapitulation of the morning's reports of the final meetings—the headlines in one case shouting aloud of the singular breaking of engagements by both candidates; but in the case of the "Star-News"—which favoured the Price candidature—maintaining a silence on the subject. The "Clarion" blazoned forth in great headlines:

"POLITICIAN'S MAX FIRST OF ALL
Absence of Candidate McGinnis
from final meeting explained
by son."

There followed a report of the meeting, attended by waiting crowds impatient under the substitution of lesser speakers. At a critical time prior to the threatened dispersion of a disappointed audience, Jerry McGinnis had taken the platform. It seemed that he had hardly got a hearing at first, until something of the gist of his explanation was understood. Then, in a fervid speech—that recalled his father in his early days when he had been acclaimed as a "budding young orator"—Jerry had won the house with the story of how his father had been called away to rescue, from some overzealous agent, a young woman who had been made a victim of a strategy that would tell greatly for the McGinnis side. The report went on to tell in detail how Mr. McGinnis Jr., as an eye-witness of the early part of this human drama, described, in a vivid way that gripped his audience, the manner in which his father had dealt with his political agent; how the sacrifice to chivalry was made. Jerry McGinnis had himself been compelled to leave, then, and hurry back to save the meeting.

Daniel Courtenay put aside the paper, and chuckled again, though this was the sixth time of reading.

"The clever young scoundrel!" he chorled. "His daddy may make a man of him yet!"

At nine o'clock the telephone rang, and the cherub learned that the returns showed strongly for McGinnis. At ten—

(Continued on page 43)

BARBER-ELLIS FRENCH ORGANDIE STATIONERY

WRITING TABLETS PAPETERIES
CORRESPONDENCE CARDS . . MOURNING STATIONERY
NOTE PAPER AND ENVELOPES TO MATCH



"ASK YOUR STATIONER FOR IT"

If You Want To Ask Us Anything

Read Carefully the Rules of the Service Institute as Given Below. In This Way
You Will Make Sure of Receiving The Quickest
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This coupon is for the use of those subscribers who have not yet received the coupon book to which they are entitled. They may ask for one service with this coupon, after which a book will be sent them.

If your subscription is expiring this month or has already expired, enclose \$2.00 for renewal. Otherwise, a coupon book cannot be sent.

Please enclose a stamp for personal reply; if you send a stamped envelope it should be not less than 6-1/2 x 3-1/4 inches in order to contain book of coupons.

Kindly keep the service Institute advised of changes of address.

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The Service Department has 9 sections—Character Analysis, Interior Decoration, Baby Welfare, Health & Beauty, Etiquette & Entertainment, Household, Fashions, Shopping and Architectural. Write to the different sections on separate sheets, signing each and enclosing one coupon from your book for each Section addressed.

In writing about babies, always give weight at birth, and present weight.
Letters that fail to enclose coupon, or do not give name and address (not for publication) will be destroyed.

Everywoman's World Service Department,
253-259 Spadina Avenue,
Toronto, Ont.

Date.....

I am a subscriber to Everywoman's World wishing to obtain personal answers to any question I wish to ask in the different Sections of Everywoman's World Service Department. I am entitled to a book of the Service Coupons, one of which must accompany each letter or enquiry. Please send me the Service Coupons by return mail, postage paid. The sending of this coupon entitles me to one personal service by mail, after which I agree to always send you a regulation Service Coupon when requesting service.

NAME

ADDRESS

SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES.....



It cleans where you can and cannot see

Sprinkle Sani-Flush into the toilet bowl. It removes quickly all stains, discolorations, incrustations. The porcelain gleams.

No scrubbing—no scouring!

The hidden trap. The unhealthful trap—Sani-Flush cleans it thoroughly, too! And destroys all foul odors. It will not harm plumbing connections.

Nothing else is like it. Just sprinkle it into the bowl. Follow directions on the can, and flush. Always keep Sani-Flush handy in the bathroom.

Sani-Flush is sold at grocery, drug, hardware, plumbing and house-furnishing stores. Price, 25c. (Canadian price, 35c; foreign price, 50c.)

Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto
33 Farringdon Road, London, England
China House, Sydney, Australia

Sani-Flush

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

Famous Old Recipe for Cough Syrup

Easily and cheaply made at home, but it beats them all for quick results

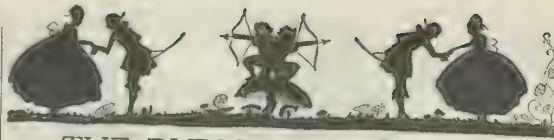
Thousands of housewives have found that they can save two-thirds of the money usually spent for cough preparations, by using this well-known old recipe for making cough syrup at home. It is simple and cheap, but it has no equal for prompt results. It takes right hold of a cough and gives immediate relief, usually stopping an ordinary cough in 24 hours or less.

Get 2-1/2 ounces of Pinex from any druggist, pour it into a 16-oz. bottle and add plain granulated sugar syrup to make 16 ounces. If you prefer, use clarified molasses, honey or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way it tastes good, keeps perfectly, and lasts a family a long time.

It's truly astonishing how quickly it acts, penetrating through every air passage of the throat and lungs—loosens and raises the phlegm, soothes and heals the membranes, and gradually but surely the annoying throat tickle and dreaded cough disappear entirely. Nothing better for bronchitis, spasmodic croup, hoarseness or bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, known the world over for its healing effect on the membranes.

Avoid disappointment by asking your druggist for "2-1/2 ounces of Pinex" with full directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction, or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Toronto, Ont.



THE BURNING QUESTION

How to Keep Warm without Our Usual Supply of Hard Coal!

T WAS a cold night, and a bleak wind chilled the two men, as they walked together from the 5.40 train, to their suburban homes.

In the pause of separation, Tom noted the warmth-suggesting curl of smoke from his companion's house, before which they stood.

"Say, Pips!" his friend's familiar hail—"what you doing about coal?" "Coal? Coal?" queried Pips, "Seems to me I've heard that cry before! Well, if you like to come in and see—"

"Like, my boy, say love,—the vision of a full coal-bin is with me day and night. Lead on!"

Together they entered Pips' house, and as they traversed the cheerful hall, "By Jove!" exclaimed Tom, "this is something like," and feeling the active warmth of a radiator, "We don't get heat like this. Where do you get your coal?"

"Oh! from several places," said Pips, "just trying them out, you see."

"Several places, you say?" queried Tom, "why we're just about out, and I tried a dozen firms today, and not one had a bit of hard coal in the place. My wife's just about crazy!"

"Well," said Pips, "I didn't say anything about hard coal."

"What," cried Tom, "you're not burning soft?"

"I certainly am," said Pips.

"And you find it all right?" asked Tom, incredulously.

"Well," rejoined Pips, "you've noticed how comfortable we are, and I tried a dozen firms today, and not one had a bit of hard coal in the place. My wife's just about crazy!"

"I just would," was Tom's reply, "as I can hardly believe it possible."

"Quite so," said Pips, "the trouble is—25 of our U. S. friends said lately—we Canadians have been brought up on anthracite, and it's hard to change our habits; but—let's go!"—and accordingly Pips led the way to the lower regions.

Opening the door of the hot water furnace disclosed an island—so-to-speak—of fine coal in the centre of the fire pot; surrounding it was a bright, yellow flame, seemingly issuing from underneath it, and throwing out an intense heat, against the sides of the furnace.

"Now, see here," said Pips, pointing to a black mass in a bin, "what do you think of that?"

"Looks like a lot of screenings or dust, with a few lumps thrown in to make it look as though it were coal," said Tom, after a close inspection.

"Well described," agreed Pips, "yet that is the Smokeless or Coking coal, and is just as it comes from the mine."

"Or in trade parlance, 'run-of-mine'?" and, as you say, while almost like dust, yet when sprinkled over a glowing fire, it will, through the softening and coozing of its rich contents of vegetable gums or bitumens, cause the particles to coalesce, or as it is generally termed, to coke, and form a solid, but under-burning mass, as you see it there. Now watch—"

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fine coal, at the same time opening up all drafts. In a few minutes coking will take place. I break this up and re-charge with coal, and repeat until the fire is sufficiently high and the coils real hot, H-O-T, not merely warm!

"As soon as the water-base of the furnace is hot—indicating thus that all radiators throughout the house are well heated—and the fire is going strongly,—place in centre of the fire—making an island of it—from two to five scoops of coal. Leave on all drafts until a strong flame springs from under this island, all around, then all drafts should be shut off, the damper in the pipe three quarters closed, and the air vent in the door opened, adding at bedtime, any check-draft over flues or the piping."

"The island" acts as a spreader, causing the air-forced flames to strike the sides of the furnace or water jacket, thus heating continuously its circumference—the most particular part, and one at which the spread anthracite is generally found coked; any gas is ignited as it rises—no need to wait for the 'burning off' as with anthracite, and thus all the heat is utilized.

"This spread will continue flaming, and will burn steadily at the rate of a scoupler per hour in a tea-roomed sized firepot during the daytime, or when checks are not all used, or a slight draft on. During the night it will last almost twice as long—or say, five measures will last about eight hours, and when broken up in the morning, will prove a mass of pure glowing coke, ready for recharging as described."

"When the weather requires a continuous, strong heat during daytime, and drafts on, stoke more lightly—say for a two hour period. Then, break up the island and spread the coke—sprinkle coal thinly over entire surface—let burn for five minutes—break up again, and then build another two-hour island. The intense heat, and high flame, occur at the sprinkling stage, at which time the initial heating-up of the house should be done."

"The heart-breaking shaking, necessary with anthracite, is agreeably missing, as but a slight agitation of the shaker is required, and every particle of coal will be found burned—thus leaving no cinders to be sifted, or clinkers to be removed, with an ash residue of about half dust of anthracite and this, practically"

"This Smokeless coal throws little or no soot, and its deposit in pipes or flues is no more than that of anthracite."

"Another form of soft coal, styled Bituminous Egg, comes screened, and in sounding like lump, which looking and as hard as it is, has in some cases to be split up."

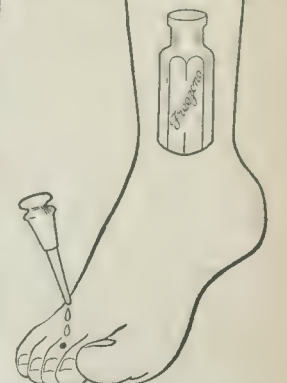
"This is a free-burning, non-oking coal, and may be treated like wood, heated in an open grate, or spread like anthracite, as it starts burning at once, and makes a fire of intense heat, lasting about the same length of time as the fire built with the Smokeless coal. It is delightful to use on account of its immediate inflammability, even on a low fire its only richness has the consequent accompaniment of soot. You see, and this coal too, is the same way as you do the Smokeless."

A pair of soft, oilcloth sleeves, elastic bound at the wrists, and kept up on the arms by a band around the neck like the children's mittens—with a long apron in front, will, however, except for the hands, minimize the difficulties from the dirt of flue or pipe cleaning."

"Once a week, the chimney flue outlet must be emptied and furnace flues cleaned when, on being tapped, they sound as if they were solid. In the furnace pipes I have a T-with removable stopper placed about the middle of their length, through"

Orns

Lift Off with the Fingers



Doesn't hurt a bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers. Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between toes, and calluses, without pain, soreness.

Gray Hair Unnecessary

As I Have Proved

I proved it many years ago by restoring the original color to my own prematurely gray hair with the name Restorer I now offer you. This time-tested preparation never fails as hundreds of thousands of gray haired people since have learned.

There is not space in this advertisement to tell my story. Send for Free Trial bottle and learn all. Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. No greasy sediment to make your hair sticky and stringy, nothing to wash or rub off. Application easy, restored color perfect. In any light, faded or discolored hair just as surely and safely restored as hair naturally gray.

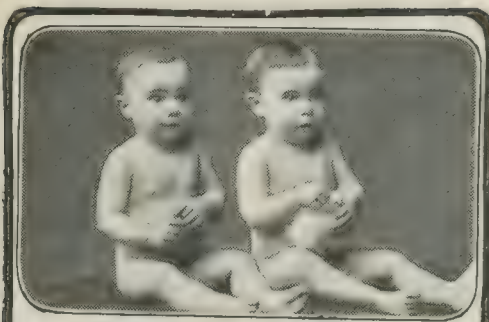
Experience my teacher
I invented my scientific hair color restorer to bring back the original color to my own hair which was prematurely gray. Since, millions have used it and so will millions more. It is the most popular and biggest selling preparation of its kind in the world.

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The Match Breakers

(Continued from page 9)

and she flashed about on the seat. The comb, that held the soft tendrils of her hair at the back, fell with a clang, disappearing behind the seat. He started to rise, but she had already noticed her loss. She stood up and investigated. He realized that the comb had dropped into the slot which receives the shutter when lowered. But before he could find the courage to address her again, she had beckoned the conductor into the car.

"I've lost my comb down that place—there—," she explained plaintively. "Do you think you can get it for me?"

The conductor started stupidly. "Get that hook that you use when the car's off the trolley," she commanded. Returning, he fumbled with it in the slot, but unsuccessfully.

Two men stopped the car and held the conductor for a moment's conversation before they decided on another route. In his absence the girl poked without avail at the narrow opening.

"I must get it," she said when the conductor returned. "It's set with jade. I should feel heartbroken if I lost it."

"Well, I guess they can get it for you at the car station," the conductor drawled. Then again he left her abruptly to help aboard the kiddy-faced old lady who, after a voluble interval, elected to take a later car.

The man in the corner got up and strolled to the girl's side. "Let me try," he entreated.

"If you will be so good," she permitted frostily after an icy pause. She held out to him the instrument of her own defeat.

"Please don't give me the hook again," he asked humbly. He took one of the props from his golf bag and, breaking it at its jointed middle, transformed it into a fishing rod. He attached a hook to it and began to fish.

The girl stared in amazement. Then she inhibited a smile. She watched. "The trouble is that you haven't any bait," she suggested after several moments of unsuccessful angling. "If we only had a copy of 'Isaak Walton'!" Her voice had become very soft.

He snapped the rod together and returned it to his bag. With frowning brows he examined the sticks there.

"I'd advise a masher," she volunteered. But he ignored her suggestion. Seizing a putter he went at it again. By degrees his face assumed a look of intense concentration and then suddenly his right arm shot up and the comb flew out of the opening. He caught it adroitly and handed it to her.

"I looted it," he said in a tone of great satisfaction.

"Thank you!" She adjusted the comb firmly in its proper place. Then she pulled the edges of her veil together and pinned them firmly over it.

He started irresolutely to return to his corner again.

"I don't suppose," she began, "that I would have cared such an awful lot for the mistake. But no girl likes to be taken for another's fool."

"It was all the fault of that feather," he protested with eager fluency. "I give you my word of honor now that I look at you"—he fixed her with so enthusiastic a scrutiny that she turned her face away like you than my grandmother does. I don't know who she is—or what she came from—or where she's gone, and I don't want to slam her. But honestly, I pity her from the bottom of my heart for having fallen down at the last moment. You've miled—backed on to the golf, whipped a mile—glad she came ahead and prepared the way, for I know I never could have all this out of my system to prove to mistake again. No, not if you wear forty feathers. Do you mind if I sit on the other side of it?—it obscures the view."

When she caught her breath she merely said: "It's immaterial where you sit. I get out in a half minute at the Arlington Heights Station."

"So do I," he averred humbly.

"You said you were going to Arlington."

"So did you."

"But I'm going beyond it."

"So am I."

She bit her lips. "As a matter of fact," she announced sweetly, "I'm going to Concord."

"I don't expect you to believe me, but so am I."

She looked at him in silent exasperation. While they waited for the Lexington car she made one remark. "I suppose you're from the West." When he admitted it, her answering gasp seemed to say that that accounted for a good deal.

"May I sit beside you again?" he asked when they boarded the Lexington car. Without waiting for a reply, he put himself on the side opposed to the feather.

"Well," she said in a tone that indicated that she had given up some sort of struggle with herself, "inasmuch as we seem doomed to travel to the Pacific coast together, and as the rest of the world seems to avoid us as if we were a leper colony—"

Her eye fell on the gilt letters that proclaimed the ownership of the card case he was just opening. "Are you Robert Ardleslev?" she demanded.

"Yes."

She jumped and then shrank away from him. "Good heavens, I'm glad I found that out." She added with a stiffness, "I'm Barbara Bennett. That's why you looked so familiar. I've seen dozens of pictures of you taken with Dick."

"Barbara Bennett!" He stared open-mouthed. "Oh course! That picture of you and Rhoda hung in our room in college for two years."

SHE straightened herself up, and her face, turned directly to him, was freezing in its look. "And of course as Rhoda Wrentham's best friend, I must refuse—absolutely—to have anything to say to the man who is responsible for her unhappiness."

"I—responsible for her! I don't know what you're talking about, Miss Bennett. I had nothing to do with their broken engagement. Dick talked the matter over with me—the way a man talks things over with his chum—and I gave him my advice when he asked it. But as for being responsible for their broken engagement—you're quite mistaken! Upon my word you are, Miss Bennett."

"Unfortunately," the lady's tone had all the clearness and coldness of an icy mountain. "Dick happened to quote to Rhoda some of the things you said. She came straight to me with them. I heard the whole story in silence. But of course when she got down on her bended knees and asked my advice, I couldn't withhold it from her."

"So I understand. Dick is strongly under the impression that if Miss Wrentham had not been tampered with—by outside forces—"

"Meaning me?"

"Meaning you, if you wish—that their engagement would never have been broken."

"Of all things! Why, I maintained so judicial an attitude through it all that I nearly exploded. And all the time I was simply dying to tell Rhoda just what I thought of Dick Yerrington. A man who while he is engaged to one girl goes off automobileing in a party that contains another girl to whom he has been markedly attentive in the past, and to simply load that girl with attentions until everybody in the party was talking about it and coming home and hinting and alluding to Rhoda—and *plying* her. Well, I've my opinion of him."

"Miss Bennett, that's simply ridiculous. You know that Dick would never have gone off with that party if Rhoda—if Miss Wrentham had not gone to the



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Ryder's week-end when Bob Harmon was a member of the party. Everybody knows that Bob Harmon was desperately in love with her, and that he said he never would give her up until she was married to Dick. No man wants his girl sky-larking with a man like Harmon."

"Oh, indeed," said Miss Bennett hotly. "Well, when people think they know so well what is good for other people, and the other people know they are perfectly competent to take care of themselves, and the people keep restricting the other people's liberty by their silly, offensive, and unmanly jealousy, and the other people are as patient, forbearing, and decent as they can be—and still other people keep interfering with the people and the other people—it's about time, I say, for the people to break their engagement with the other people."

With a corrugated brow Mr. Ardsley considered this for an instant. Then he roared. "What's the answer?" he asked finally.

She turned from him with a movement full of the rage that she was trying to repress. "It's not necessary for me to say again, I hope, that I absolutely decline the honor of your acquaintance."

His face grew serious. "Certainly not," he said with emphasis. Lifting his hat he strode down the car to a seat in the corner. There, hunched against the window, he stared out at the approaching scenery.

THE gale had by no means gone down—rather it had increased. The car was going at top speed. It bounced up and down the tracks, jerked around corners, and seemed occasionally to vault the crossings. Doors rattled and windows shook. Miss Bennett and Mr. Ardsley continued to occupy it in frigid silence and isolation. Because of his superior weight, he was able to present a dignified appearance, but the girl was thrown back and forth in her seat. The fresh country slid by like a moving-picture show. The trees, mere green blurs, marched with the flying car. The hills seemed to be playing a dizzy game that confused the background.

Suddenly Ardsley jumped. "I think I ought to tell you, Miss Bennett," he called over the hubbub, "that I'm going out to the Riverview House in Concord to meet Dick Yerrington. He came on unexpectedly for a day or two and he invited me out for a game of golf. I thought you might wish to avoid him. I'll do my best to keep him away from the places that you're going if you'll only tell me where they are. What's the matter?"

Miss Bennett was staring at him, affrighted, her eyes big with excitement of some kind, her soft lips parted. "Oh, Mr. Ardsley," she exclaimed. Her voice had lost all its chill. It was sheerly a girl's voice, low, tremulous, appealing.

He left his place in the corner and took a seat again at her side. "Tell me what's the matter," he commanded.

"Oh, Mr. Ardsley, it's too perfectly dreadful for any words. Listen, I am going to the Riverview House, myself, to meet Rhoda. There was a note from her waiting for me when I got back from town, telling me that she was only going to be here for a day and a night and begging me to come to her as soon as possible. Oh, we must keep them apart! You can't realize how embarrassing it would be if they met. I know they haven't laid eyes on each other for six months."

"What shall we do?" he asked, immediately sympathetic.

She considered the question, her lids downcast, reverie lying like a shadow over her face. "Oh, I'll tell you." Her whole look bloomed in the smile of her sudden triumph. "I'll pretend to be sick and I'll make Rhoda stay with me every blessed minute. Not that it will be hard, for she's such a devoted dear when there's anything wrong. I'll pretend not to be able to go downstairs to eat, and we'll have dinner and breakfast served in our room. Then I'll get her home to my house the first thing to-morrow morning. If you keep Mr. Yerrington away all the afternoon, golfing—there isn't the slightest possibility of their meeting."

"You don't think it would be desirable for them to er—er see each other," he said tentatively.

She stiffened immediately. "Certainly not. Nothing but pain for them both could result from such an encounter. Besides there's no knowing what ideas it might put into their heads. And they're the last people in the world who ought to be allowed to marry. They're not one least little atom in the world suited to each other. Don't you think so?"

"I—I don't know—I don't see why not," he stammered weakly.

She gave him a glance of ineffable scorn. "It would be spiritual suicide." She brought the last words out with appalling distinctness. "Thank you," she added. Somehow he felt dismissed.

He arose forlornly and retreated again to the corner of the car.

THEY had passed through Lexington and again they plunged into open country on their way to Concord. He looked in her direction once or twice, but she had turned her head and was resting it against the arm which extended over the back of the seat. He could see the round of one cheek, over which her eyelashes hung, long, shadowy. Her upper lip protruded a little beyond the lower one, forcing it into ripples that ended at the corner of her mouth in a pool of soft shadow. Even as he slyly studied her, she jumped to an upright position and her eyes fixed themselves upon him. "Oh, Mr. Ardsley!" she called wildly.

Obediently he arose and walked to her side.

"I've been thinking about it all. It occurred to me that maybe Dick Yerrington may have heard that Rhoda was in Concord, and came out to see her. They may have met. How can we keep them apart?"

He shook his head. "I don't think so. He's been up here for two or three days, but he didn't mention her in his letter to me. Perhaps Miss Wrentham heard that he was here and—" He stopped overpowered by the blaze in his companion's eyes. "I think he would have mentioned it to me if he expected to see her," he ended lamely.

Miss Bennett sighed. "Oh, dear, I am worried," she admitted wistfully.

"Don't worry," he begged, dropping his voice until it was full of tenderness. "I don't think there's any need of that."

"But—" she bit her lips and did not go on.

"We shall reach the Riverview House in another moment," he warned her.

"Oh!" She arose and walked to the other side of the car. He followed her, and, together, they stood, looking out. The tendrils of her feather played a soft tattoo on his cheek, but he did not mind it now.

The big colonial hotel came into view. Two figures—a young man and a young girl—came rushing down to meet the car. Miss Bennett began to tremble. She seized her companion's arm in a grip that testified to the development of muscles, unexpected in a girl. "It's an appointment," she breathed.

The car stopped. He helped her out. "Barb—dear, Barb," she called to him. "I've got such news for you." She was a little brunette creature, slender, sparkling. "I know," Miss Bennett said, "you're married to Dick. I'm so glad, dear; it's perfectly lovely. I hope you'll be terribly happy."

Then she burst into tears.

MISS BENNETT and Mr. Ardsley were returning to the city over the same road that they had taken in the morning. This time they were in a motor-car.

It had been a long day full of pleasant companionship and the beauty of out-of-doors. Now they had just come from seeing the bridal pair off to their honeymoon.

The wind had infused Miss Bennett's eyes with a soft brilliancy. It had whipped into her cheeks a velvety flood of color that ran from her lashes down to the shadowy pits at the corners of her mouth. Her hair, a tangled iridescent mesh, was a swaying background for all this color.

"We shall be in town in another ten

(Continued on page 47)



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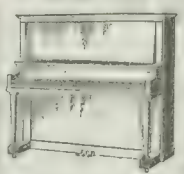
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EARLIER than the first robin, earlier than the most daring crocus that pushes its gay blossom up through ground that still seems to us frost-bound and forbidding, earlier even than the great inner urge that drives us to the Milliner's—earlier than these, comes woman's hankering to "spring clean."

Perhaps you are one of those really advanced housekeepers who have relegated the old horror of a great seasonal upheaval to the limbo of forgotten—or forbidden—things. Then, more power to you! Your family will not feel that they are outcasts, subsisting upon cold snacks, in the way wherever they go, the comforts of home pulled up by the roots and chaos in command.

No—there is little to be said for the old fashioned, general "spring cleaning," and much in favour of the more painless modern methods of "a little at a time"—and that little done with the aid of many labour saving contrivances.

Whatever your method, however, you know and I know that there is a quality in the late winter sunshine—which we generally flatter by calling it early spring sunshine—that shows up every flaw in the armour of our household cleanliness. To scour and freshen becomes the dominant passion of our lives, no matter how we do it—or how we hate it!

There are many little tricks to lighten the labour of putting the spring shine on our houses.

For instance: what of all the light wood-work and the painted furniture that has come into our lives to brighten and cheer them? The blight of the winter's cold dust (especially the soft coal that so many of us have become acquainted with this year), has settled upon them. It has a sickening quality that soft water and mild soap, usually quite adequate for this purpose, do not quite overcome.

Whitening—just cheap, ordinary whitening from your grocer or hardware merchant—is useful here. Make a paste of it, or water, into the powder, moistened in soft, hot painted surfaces scrub with it. You will find that the clean colour comes out abundantly to the surface. There are some very good paint-cleaning preparations on the market, too, which will prove most effective in removing the stubborn film of soil which dims light woodwork.

The metal trim about the house—brass fixtures, nickel-plated taps and stove finishings, and so forth, demand fairly

constant attention. A good brass polish is necessary for all unlacquered brasses; where the surface is lacquered, simply wipe off with a cloth wrung out of clean, sudsy water.

Nickel-plated surfaces should be washed occasionally with hot soap-suds, then rinsed with very hot water. To polish, rub on a paste made of whiting, or whiting wet with liquid household ammonia and lard; leave a little while, rub off thoroughly and buff up with a soft cloth.

THE kitchen pots and pans are, of course, kept in good condition all the time. No sink is equipped without a package of a thoroughly dependable abrasive, for every day use, in keeping clean the sink itself, and the utensils in daily use. Occasionally stubborn stains appear on enamelled and aluminum ware. Granite will yield to the smart application of the abrasive; use a skewer or toothpick on the seams. If food has been burnt on, put a little fat into the pan and put it over very slow heat. This will soften the burnt substance so that it may be easily removed.

Aluminum stains are best removed by cooking something acid in the pan—rhubarb answers splendidly. Remember that it is important to use a neutral soap on aluminum—never a strong one; and that the abrasive powder you use to scour it should be mild in character, too. A coarse powder, filled with sharp particles, will scratch this soft metal—choose rather one which is fine, white and powdery in character. The particles small and flaky, never rocky and jagged. A white mineral powder, said to be of volcanic origin, is largely used as a household abrasive, and lends itself to a multitude of uses, because it achieves efficiency without marring or scratching porcelains, enamels, painted surfaces and other things on which a dependable abrasive cleaner is so commonly used.

An occasional special cleaning is necessary for a stove. A coal or wood range depends upon clear flues for a great part of its efficiency, and deposits of soot around the oven are something the cook easily learns to guard against. A rub, from time to time, with an oily rag will keep the top of the range in good shape (one feels constrained to sound the usual warning—use oil only when there is no fire—and burn the oily rags afterwards. Even thrown into a cupboard or tucked away in a

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drawer, they are apt to cause fire by spontaneous combustion.

A gas stove should have its burners taken out and put into a tub containing a strong washing-soda solution. This will cut the grease completely. After scrubbing with a stiff brush, rinse in plain hot water, wipe quite dry and replace. Drip pans, doors and other removable parts which have become greasy, may be treated the same way.



Coal oil, or gasoline stoves, should be carefully cleaned according to the special instructions issued by their makers.

FLOORS sometimes require some special attention. If a waxed floor seems to be badly soiled, wipe it over with a clean cloth wrung out of clear, hot water—use soap or oily preparation if this isn't sufficient, rub with turpentine. When it is quite dry, apply the fresh coat of wax—always allowing it to harden for a little while after it has been applied, before attempting to polish the floor.

A floor which has no wax on it can be kept in good order with so-called "dustless mop,"—a yarn mop which is chemically treated and will, owing to its oily character, gather up dust with a minimum of effort. General dusting will be facilitated by the use of these "treated" mops and dusters; or the housekeeper may prefer a favourite preparation which she can apply to her duster as she needs it; (usually, the duster should first be

wrung out of clear water—an essential point if the directions of the polishing preparation call for it.

And when the dust has been raised and settled, and it is again time to straighten the furniture and re-hang the curtains, the windows must be cleaned, that there may be nothing to prevent those prying spring sunbeams from showing up

our immaculate state to its fullest advantage. To wash the windows, water should be softened with a little household ammonia; or a paste, made of 1 part precipitated whiting to 2 parts ammonia, may be rubbed on, left to dry, then carefully wiped off and the glass polished; or there are handy cleaners to be had which are splendid for the purpose. Chamois glass cleaners are excellent for polishing; for the glass clears at its touch, as it will do at no amount of rubbing with an ordinary cloth, however fresh and clean.

Tricks in all trades? Yes, indeed; and in none, more than in the year-round business of "cleaning house."





Charles Vaughn Boyd himself, with his friend Teddy

1923 Brings Changes in the Service Department!

The first of these is in connection with the Section covering

Interior Decoration and House Furnishing

Those of our subscribers who have corresponded with him will be glad to know that

Charles Vaughn Boyd

who conducts the Architectural Section of the Service Department, has consented to take over also the allied Section of Interior Decoration.

In future our subscribers who wish advice in regard to the decoration or furnishing of their homes should address their enquiries to Mr. Boyd in care of this office. We must, however, give

A Word of Warning

to those who are interested in building and furnishing at the same time.

It should be distinctly understood that the Architectural and the Interior Decoration Sections are quite separate from one another, and that questions must be addressed separately to each one. Letters which contain requests for advice about building MUST NOT include questions about decoration or furnishing, though a letter on the second subject may, of course, be enclosed in the one envelope.

IT IS MOST IMPORTANT that this rule should be strictly followed; in cases where it is ignored, only the one set of questions—those about building the home—will be answered.

Don't forget to send a stamp and a filled-in coupon for each Section addressed, and please don't ask for replies by return mail. Mr. Boyd gives the most careful consideration to every letter received, and he feels that he cannot give the best possible service unless he is allowed plenty of time. His work involves much looking-up of carefully gathered material to find just the suitable thing for each individual; it frequently necessitates the drawing of delicate little plans, too. So we ask you to give the longest possible notice of your intention to build or decorate, so that no inconvenience will be caused if your reply does not come for several weeks.

When you get to know Mr. Boyd and his work, we think you will agree with us that a letter from him is worth waiting for!

Look for the announcement of another "Change" in the next issue!

BOOK REVIEWS

ANN AND HER MOTHER: By O. Douglas. Hodder & Stoughton. \$1.75

THE author of "The Setons" and "Penny Plain" has already an audience for her stories—an audience not, perhaps, of very modern readers but composed of those folk, beginning to grow dimly, who delight in quietly-told incidents of the life of their youth; a life that may have been humorous, tragic or uneventful, but far removed from the grime and shrillness of modern literature. "Ann and Her Mother" is a chronicle of the happenings in the life of a Presbyterian minister's wife, at first in a small Scottish village, then in a factory town and finally in the great city of Glasgow. But to breathe of city air hangs about its pages. They are filled with tales of the doings of her children, of her husband's congregations, her own small voyages and adventures and finally of the tragedy that the war brought to that quiet, Scottish household—a ripple of tale, like the ripple of a Highland stream, now swirling about some small stone or bit of stick, now running on so softly that there seems to be scarcely any movement. After an overdose of the raucous clamour of the modern novel it is a relief to dip one's self in the fragrant quiet of "Ann and Her Mother."

WISP: A GIRL OF DUBLIN: By Katharine Adams. Macmillan. \$2.00.

THIS is the story of a little Irish girl who lives in a dingy tenement off Jellifers' Court. She makes friends with some children from America and their cousins from India and helps them to know and love Ireland as she does herself. Katharine Adams is a new writer in the field of fiction for girls. She lived in Dublin for many years while her father was American Consul there, and "Wisp" is the result of that residence.

PAGAN LOVE: By John Murray Gibbon. McClelland & Stewart.

THERE is a distinct reminiscence of the style of Oppenheim in Mr. Murray Gibbon's latest novel, which is not such a fine piece of work as was his "Drums Afar." Neruda, the American millionaire, who controls vast business interests, and dominates by his financial genius the world of New York, is distinctly a character in whom Oppenheim would have revelled. The rapidity of Walter Oliphant's rise in the world, after his rescue of Neruda from drowning, would have a distinct appeal to that meteoric writer; and the conclusion of the book—well, we must let the reader discover for himself the key to the mystery, but we can assure him that never did Mr. Oppenheim conceive a more startling ending.

THE BALLAD OF THE QUEST: By Virginia Sheard. McClelland.

AT HER best, Mrs. Sheard's verses have a fugitive and delicate melody, a charm of cadence and lift about them which makes them always readable. Of the poems included in the present volume, one likes best, I think, "The Shepherd Wind," "A Southern Lullaby," "The Lopely Road," and "October Goes." We quote from the first mentioned:

When hills and plains are powdered white,
And bitter cold the north wind blows,
Upon my window in the night

A fairy garden grows.
Perchance the echoes of old songs
Found here a resting-place at last,
With drifting perfume that belongs
To roses of the past.

Or all the moonbeams that were lost
On summer nights the world forgets,
May here be prisoned by the frost,
With souls of violets.

The wind doth shepherd many things,
And when the nights are long and cold,
Who knows how strange a flock he brings
All safely to the fold.

RAINBOW GOLD: By Sara Teasdale. Macmillan. \$2.75.

EIGHTY of the "very best" poems for boys and girls—poems both old and new, with illustrations by Du-

said Walker. Here are all the old favourites of childhood—Killa Khan, The Lady of Shalott, Young Lochinvar—with stirring ballads of Robin Hood and Sir Patrick Spens. Here also are poems by newer and less known authors—Robert Graves' "Star Talk," Holman's "Time, You Old Gipsy Man," Maclellan's "Sea Fever," Boland's "The Little Soldier," Robert Menzies' "The Little Soldier." The imaginative child will find here poems for his soul to feed upon; he who is less imaginative, stirring songs of adventure. And the illustrations must appeal to all alike.

NEIGHBOURS: By Robert Stead. Hodder & Stoughton. \$1.75.

"NEIGHBOURS" is the story of Frank Hall and Jean Lane, neighbours in childhood in a little Ontario town, neighbours again on adjoining homesteads in the Saskatchewan country. It is a picture of the building of a homestead community on the western plains—a stage in our development last passing away. While not a great novel in any sense of the word, it is an interesting and convincing picture of life as it was lived on the prairies some decade or two ago; a quiet and uneventful tale of love and labour, without the impossible thrills and escapades that are found in so many a novel of western life.

CONTRASTS: By Lawren Harris. McClelland.

THOSE who are admirers of Lawren Harris's melodramatic and somewhat vulgar and violent art-work may enjoy this book, "Contrasts" which is written in the freest of Free Verse. It is bound in an effective cover of orange and black, and illustrated throughout by Lawren Harris himself, the black and white sketches partaking of the characteristics of his work in colour. As a lesson in the art of How Not to Write Poetry this book may be found useful; but we fear that even the most modern of the Modernists may fail to find that "beauty born of murmuring sound" which the old-fashioned readers of poetry demand as a part of the Art of Versification.

TRAPPER JIM: By Edwyn Sandys. Macmillan. \$1.00.

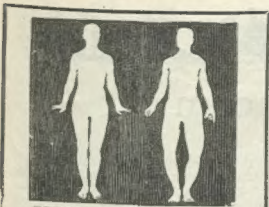
A BOOK for every up-to-date boy, offering him much sportsman's lore, as well as a lively and amusing narrative. The normal lad loves to learn of the great world out-of-doors, of riding, trapping, shooting, boxing, swimming, canoeing—and there are very useful pointers on all these subjects given to him in this book. Edwyn Sandys is a well-known writer for boys, and "Trapper Jim" will gain for him the friendship of all live and manly lads of from fourteen to sixteen years old.

THE BELLS OF ST. STEPHENS: By Marian Kelth. McClelland & Stewart.

A PLEASANT little story of a Canadian country town and the fortunes of those who attended St. Stephens, the Presbyterian kirk, whose Rector, Dr. Sutherland, fleeing from the clutches of an all too affectionate housekeeper, imported two nieces and his nephews to take her place and keep his household affairs in more or less order. While there is nothing extraordinary about this book it ripples on pleasantly enough, and its picture of Mary, the auburn-haired heroine, will doubtless appeal to many readers. Her efforts at missionary work in Sawdust Alley, her friendships and enmities, loves and hates are all amusingly depicted, and the book will serve to pass away an idle hour entertainingly.

PUPPY DOGS' TALES: Ed. by Frances Kent. Macmillan. \$1.65.

A BOOK for all little girls and boys who have pets and like to hear stories about them. Here are tales of puppies and kittens, bunnies, canaries, pigeons, chickens and lambs—some gathered from people who love animals and have told the editor their favourite tales about them. Others are tales and poems from well-known sources, retold especially for children. This is a gift book for children from four to six years old, and has many fine illustrations of dogs, cats and pets of all sorts.



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More Heat and Less Trouble
from soft coal, after you have read this article.



The Night of the Storm

(Continued from page 49)

he must wrap her up and take her home. That half mile would not matter to him now—only he must make it soon, soon, before he grew worse. When the baby was warm and rested, they would go.

He sat down in his chair before the hot fire, the strong soup ran in his blood, his weariness preyed upon him, his head sank upon his breast.

HE WAS awakened by a sound which at first he thought came from without. A calling and a trampling. Abruptly this impression changed, and his eyes went to the child in terror. It was she—it was her breathing. That rough, rattling sound was in her little throat, and in a moment Waldo knew. His two years of fatherhood were there to serve him, and he sprang up in that terror which all watchers upon children know.

In the same instant, the noise which he had fancied without was sharpened and defined. It was as he had thought—a trampling of feet. He did not see the face outside the cabin window, but there was a leap of feet on to his threshold and Jake Mullet was there, looking like a snow man. And he whirled and shouted:

"Stephen! Here—she's here!"

There was a rush of cold air across the floor, and Waldo sprang before the child, and lifted the quilt to cover her. At the same instant Stephen Mine leaped into the room.

"Here!" he cried out in a terrible voice. "Here!"

He strode forward, tore the quilt from Waldo's hand and looked. The door filled with faces, with figures crouched with snow, and the cruel night air swept in and possessed the cabin. Waldo turned to the throng at the door and shook both fists in the air.

"Get in or get out!" he shouted. "Don't leave the door open on her. She's sick!"

They crowded in the room, stamping and breathing loudly, and they made way for a woman who came staggering in and threw herself beside the child. It was Hannah Mine, and she dared not touch the baby with her own stiff hands and in her wet garments. She only crouched beside her, and burst into terrible, dry sobs. The cabin door was sharply shut, and then the thirty or more men and women who had crowded into the room, became conscious of its fearful tension.

Stephen Mine stood with his child at his feet, and he lifted his head and looked at Waldo. Stephen was a huge man, black and thick, Waldo, small and shaken by his chill, began to tell how all this had come about.

"In the cut, Stephen," he said, "about a quarter mile down the cut, toward Rightsey's. I'd been to look at my traps, and I heard her cry. She was in the bottom of the cut—I found her. I've rubbed snow on her feet—but I'm afraid—"

Stephen Mine came close to Waldo and looked down at him.

"You expect I'm going to believe that?" he said.

The silence in the room was instant and terrifying.

Waldo lifted his face. The matted hair was low on his forehead—he brushed it aside and his clear eyes met Stephen's; but his, shaking hands and his shaking voice gave doubt to his hearers.

"Stephen, I swear—" he began, and Stephen laughed.

"I seen you sneaking past my place twice today," he said. "I know you. You found a way to get even at last, and you took it, you dog."

He stooped to the woman.

"Wrap her up, Hannah," he said.

Waldo put out his trembling hands.

"Stephen," he cried. "The child's sick—she's done. You mustn't take her out. Stay here—you're all more than welcome—and keep care of her—I've got what she needs. Don't take her out into this."

"How do I know," said Stephen Mine, "what it is you mean to give her? Hannah, wrap her up."

The woman, still breathing heavily, put her hand on her husband's knee.

"No, no, Stephen," she said. "He's

(Continued on page 52)

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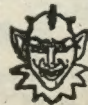
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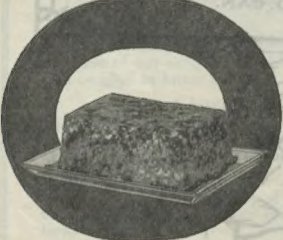


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BUTTER SCOTCH RICE PUDDING.

Wash ½ cup rice cook in double boiler, with two cups scalded milk and ½ teaspoon salt, until nearly tender. Meanwhile cook together in shallow pan 1 cup brown sugar and 2 tablespoons butter until it gets dark brown, but not burnt. Add to the rice and milk, and finish cooking until rice is tender and the caramel melted. Soak 1 envelope Knox Gelatine in ½ cup cold water 30 minutes. Dissolve in one cup hot milk. Strain this into cooked rice mixture and turn into cold wet mold.



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The Night of The Storm

(Continued from page 51)

right. Can't you hear her breathe? Let her stay here—

"So you and him can take care of her while I go for the doctor—is that it?" he sneered.

She seemed not to hear him. "It's a cramp, Stephen," she said. "You can't take her out—" Stephen shook her off impatiently.

"I'll get out—I'll go for the doctor!" Waldo cried. "And I'll keep away. But you and Hannah stay with her here."

"Wrap her up!" said Stephen Mine. Two or three of the neighbor women came forward now, protesting, and Jake Mullet cried out:

"Look here, Mine. This ain't no time to remember old scores. You got the kid to think of—"

"Wrap her up!" said Stephen Mine. "Well, wait till one of us gets somewhere for a team," cried one of the men.

"Stephen—leave her here! I can wring out the hot clothes till the doctor comes—"

"I've—I've got the stuff here, that was my baby's," Waldo chattered, but now they could hardly understand him.

"Wrap her up," said Stephen Mine, and strode to the door.

THE others gave way before him, and began to file out. Heavily Hannah Mine began drawing on the child's wraps, the sobbing breaking through again. Some of the women gave of their own wraps, and seeing that one little mitten was missing, they put two or three pairs on the still inert hands.

"You carry her," said Jake Mullet to Stephen. "And I'll go to Lewiston for the doctor."

"I'll carry her up!" said Stephen Mine, "and then I'll go up yonder and telephone for the doctor. I'll not trouble any of you that'd have me leave her here." He took the child from the mother, and went out the door.

"He's beside himself," they whispered, and they understood that it was the disease of anger, or he would never have let them go away from their task of that night without so much as a word of thanks. Some lingered for a word with Waldo and would have heard more of his adventure, but all that he could say was "In the cut," and again and again. "In the cut—all alone." They saw that he was a sick man, and they left him with kindly words of advice and even—though these folk are chary of expression—an outstretched hand or two. But there were some who went out muttering a half acceptance of Stephen's implication.

Alone, Waldo began moving about the cabin, mechanically folding the quilt on which the child had lain, sweeping away the snow where the trampling feet had been, carrying the kettle back to its place in the lean-to. He felt sore and ill and weak. He felt stunned, as if he had been flung against some great, impalpable thing which had struck back at him with living hands. He could no longer save his child from death and be believed. He had turned to evil in Stephen's eyes, so that what he did that was good seemed evil. The black wall of the hate which he and Stephen had builded was round them, and beyond it now more hate and evil, born of his night.

Waldo began to think—"If the child

should die, it would serve Stephen right!"—but he could not finish that thought. The weight of the warm little body was in his arms, the lovely curl of the child's lips as she lay before him and yawned. And if Hannah—why, the child must not die. She must not die.

He pictured that slow fight through the snow, the child's breathing in the thick, cold air, the heart of the mother following—the neighbors falling off one by one at their own doors and their own waiting child. Then Stephen would leave the child with the mother while he went to the upper road for the doctor. Would he be in time? What if the doctor were out—and abruptly, through the blur of images in his mind came the cheery face of the doctor whom he had met on the road that noon, "driving sixteen miles north." When Waldo thought of that, it was as if his heart were a sword and smote him.

He ran to a little chest on a shelf and fumbled among its bottles. There it was, tightly corked, just as they had used it once when their baby had had such an illness; and they were alone with her, and pulled her through it. What if Hannah happened to have nothing.

He stood staring at the bottle, he began drawing on his mittens and his cap. His coat he had not had off the whole time. His scarf had been bunched up and carried away with the child. He let himself out into the storm.

HIS chill was passing and was succeeded by the light-headedness and the imperfect correlation of the first stages of fever. To his fancy, wavering out and seizing upon any pigment, it was as if, behind the invisible drive of the snow, there were a glow of pale light. Now right, now left it shone, as if at the back of his eyes; and he turned his head from side to side to find it. But there were only the cutting volleys of the snow in his face; and everywhere the siege of the wind. Then as he faced on in the thick, impeding drifts, it was again as if he were beating toward and upon that great dark wall; and he kept saying to himself crazily that this was the wall that he and Stephen had raised, and that he must somehow get through it, beat it down, and get the child to save her. Yet if he broke down the wall, something would rush upon him—Stephen's hatred, Stephen's hatred! And his own hatred for Stephen, for there was rage in his heart when he remembered the man's look and the man's word. But of these he did not think—he thought only of the child, and he set his teeth and charged at the wall of darkness and would not wonder what lay beyond.

He went through the storm to Stephen's house in a maze of darkness and light. Toward eight o'clock Stephen came struggling back from the house on the upper road. He had heard what Waldo had already heard, of the doctor driving sixteen miles north. And when he called Oxnard, his heart sinking at the thought of the eighteen miles which lay between, there was a delay which spurred his courage—and then the word that the wires must be down, for Oxnard did not answer. He could only leave his message with Central, for, to drive the distance on such

a night would mean to return too late.

Stephen came down from the upper road, and his strength and his pride were gone. Abruptly now he was empty of anger, empty of malice, empty of all save his terrible despair. It was strange to see the heat and the pride shrivel before the terrible fact that the baby might pay the price—"If she dies," he had heard Jake Mullet say, "We'll all know who killed her."

"Oh God, Oh God!" Stephen Mine said. Abruptly, in the midst of the storm, he seemed to feel a lull, a silence. He went on.

It was before his gate that he stumbled over something yielding and mounded in the road. He stooped, touched the man, and with that which now at last is no decision but merely the second nature of the race, he got him into his arms and to his own door.

At the sound Hannah flung the door open, and from the dark and wind and snow Stephen staggered across the threshold with Waldo in his arms.

Stephen looked down at him as he would have looked at any other man. "How is she?" was all that his lips formed.

"Alive," said Hannah Mine. Waldo opened his eyes, and his snow-crusted mitten tried to find its way to his head.

"I brought something," he said. "We had it left; give it to her—"

At midnight when, the message having reached him at last, the doctor came, Stephen met him with a smile.

"She's safe," he said. "She's sleeping. But there's a man, a friend of ours, sick and done for. We've got him into bed. Come and have a look at him."

Up some measureless corridor Waldo at last struggled, when many days had passed. And at its far end it seemed to was queer, because it had been years since Stephen had waited for him. Yet there he was, only back of him was still that dead wall, which neither of them could pass, and beyond it lay that old hatred and bitterness, accumulated through the years. And then there was the child—he must find the child.

One day he opened his eyes on that corridor and saw it clear. A homely room, now his own, about which Stephen and Hannah were moving, and a neighbor in homely talk beside the stove.

"Honestly, you'll have to move out to make room for the truck they've brought him. The whole Open has lugged something here."

And Stephen's voice—surely Stephen's voice was saying:

"That's all right—he deserved it!"

And again the neighbor's voice: "Well, I'll always be proud it was my husband found Lissa's little red mitten down the cut—"

Then a child came to hang in the doorway, and to stare at the bed where Waldo was lying; and when she saw his eyes look at her she smiled and ran away—Stephen's child, and she was smiling.

Waldo lay still. But in his heart there was a certain singing. And it was as if he had stood close to that dead wall of hatred which he had feared, but its door had swung open, and lo, there was nothing there.

small talk is a greater strain on the mind than is the discussion of some serious topic." Is the doctor sure that it is a mind which is strained? We have often been on the point of suggesting that several ten-minute intervals of absolute stillness during the course of an evening would be of great benefit to society; nothing in intervals in which everybody stood stock still and nobody was permitted to speak; such periods, rich in rest, as now mark "a nation's tribute" when a great man's funeral and well as through death alone should the boon of silence be won. Try it out in your home circle.

—Judge.

Impasse

"That woman is the most awful actress I ever saw," said the mild-mannered man to his neighbor.

"That lady is my wife," replied the neighbor.

"I'm wrong," said the m. m. m.: "she is a good actress struggling with a rotten play. I wonder what fool wrote it."

"Unfortunately, I am the author," said the neighbor simply.

—Columbia Jester.

A negro company had just returned from a long, forced march, and the captain had been anxious to make a record.

"To-morrow we will go on another hike and try for this record again, but I don't want anyone to go that doesn't want to. All those who do not want to go will step two steps forward."

All moved but one man, whom the captain addressed, with a stern glance at the laggards:

"Private Jones, I'm proud of you. You are the only man in the whole company who really wants to go."

Jones, highly gratified, said: "Why, you see, sah, I hates to take dem two steps."

—Judge.

A British physician says that "society



Little Jack Horner sat in a corner
What can the reason be?
Indeed it's quite plain
He is hiding from Jane,
For a big dish of JELL-O has he



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Such cleansing, every day, results in a clear, healthy skin and is the basis of complexion beauty.

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Fear of thorough cleansing, or indifference to its importance, is the original cause of skin trouble. The daily accumulation of dirt, excess oil and perspiration combine with cold cream and powder to clog the tiny pores. Disfiguring coarseness from their enlargement is the first result.

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If your skin is very dry, apply a little cold cream and wipe off what isn't quickly absorbed. If your skin is normally oily you won't need it.

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